Saturday Review

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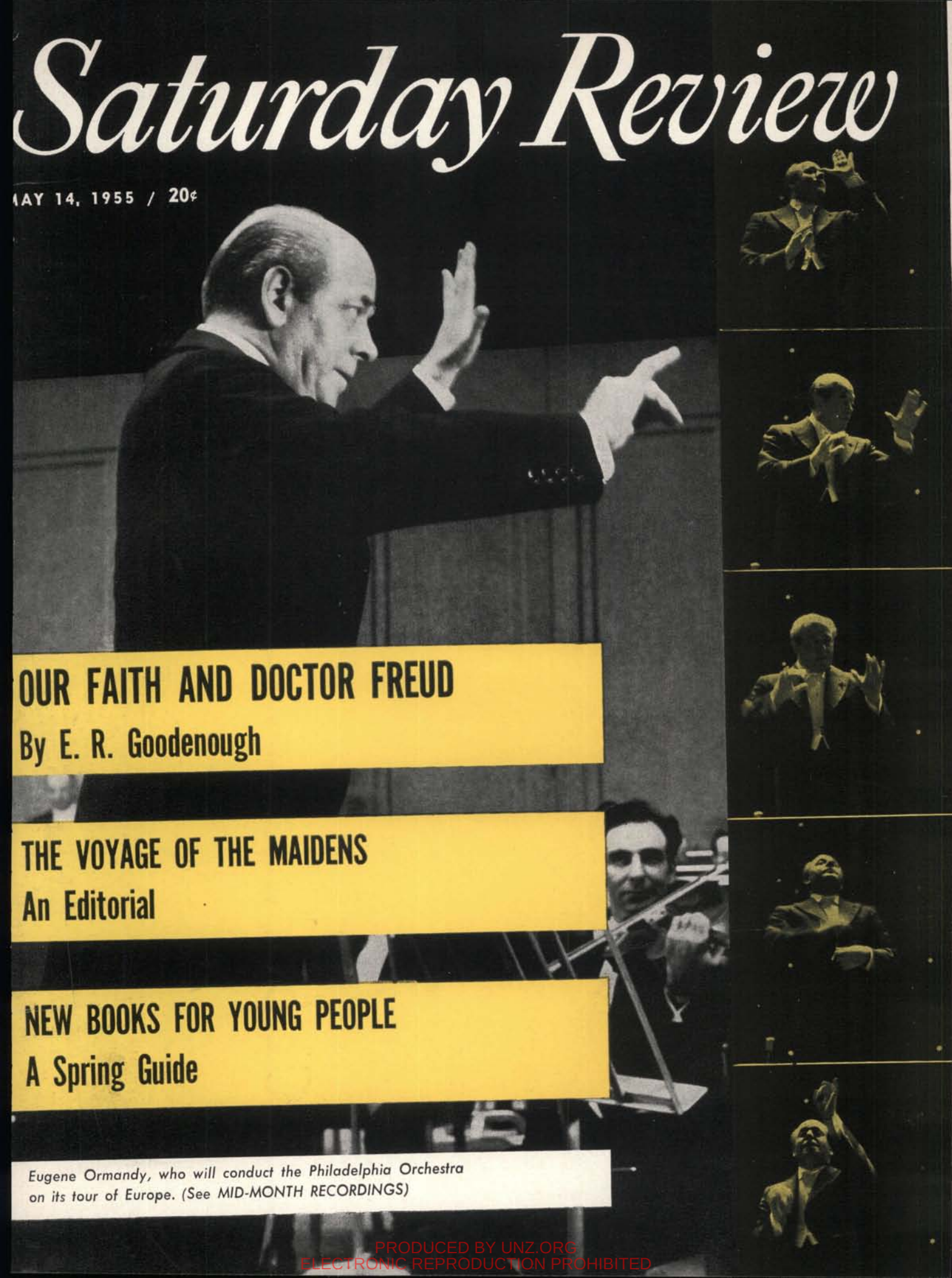

OUR FAITH AND DOCTOR FREUD

By E. R. Goodenough

THE VOYAGE OF THE MAIDENS

An Editorial

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Spring Guide

Eugene Ormandy, who will conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra on its tour of Europe. (See MID-MONTH RECORDINGS)

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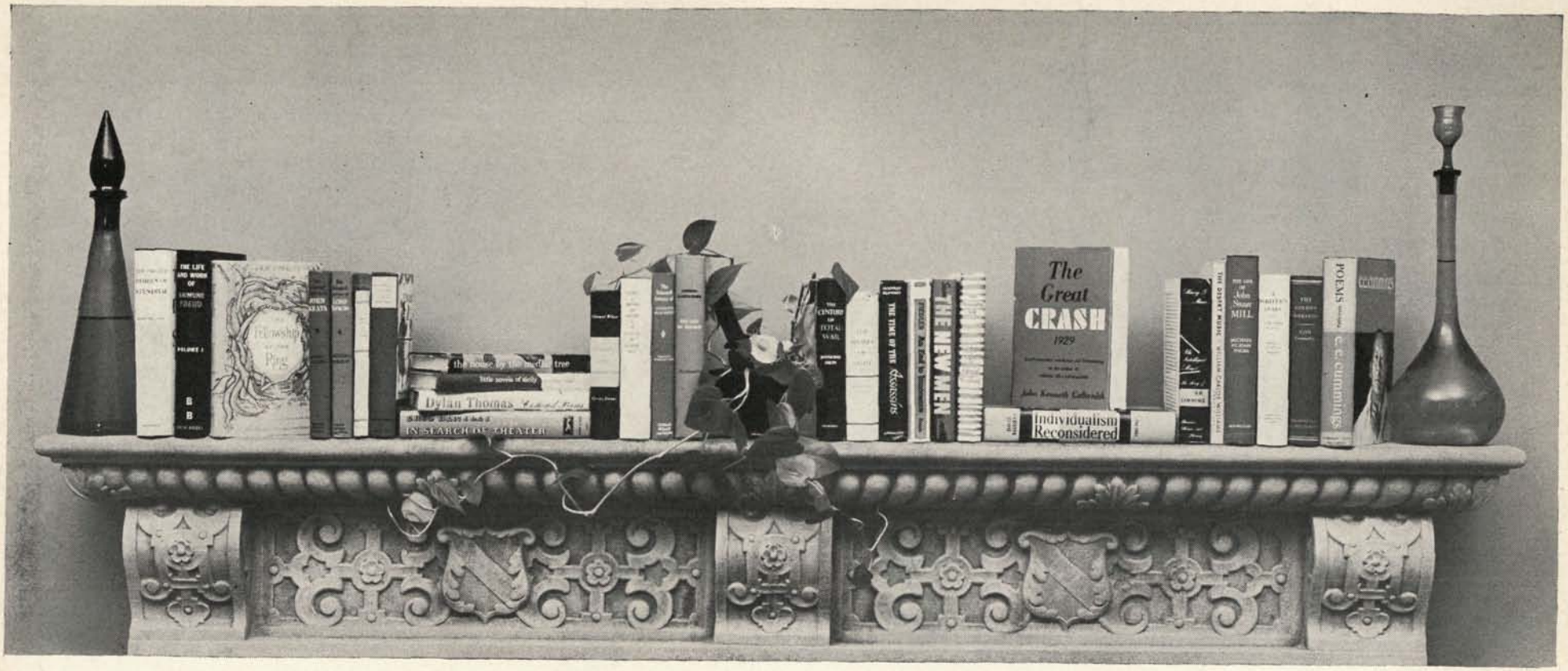

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TRADE Winds

IN A RECENT BROADCAST Allan Jackson hazarded the opinion that a short title seemed to help the sale of a book, and cited as examples "Annapurna," "Battle Cry," "Trial," "Katherine," "Benton's Row," and "Kon-tiki." An equally good case, however, could be made for longer titles: "The Power of Postive Thinking," "The View from Pompey's Head," and the new Rocky Graziano opus, "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (which I think they should have named "Guided Muscles").

In days of yore, Jackson pointed out, the prospective book-buyer got not only a title but a subtitle that amounted to a synopsis. As an example he cited "Lewis Tyrall; Or—The Depraved Count, Including the Pathetic Adventures and Tragical End of Ella Clifford and Oscar Henry Hampden, the Victims of a Heart-Rending Tragedy." Of all the titles he dug up, however, Jackson liked this one best: "An Unbiased Account of the War Between the States —From a Southern Viewpoint."

"Lewis Tyrall; or The Depraved Count, Including the Pathetic Adventures and Tragical End of Ella Clifford and Oscar Henry Hampden, the Victims of a Heart-Rending Tragedy"
JUST OUT!

CHANGING THE SUBJECT from the length of titles to the length of human beings, it evidently is true that the bigger they are the harder they fall—for life insurance policies. That, at least, is the conclusion reached by the Provident Mutual of Philadelphia, and when the demon statisticians of a company like that get finished with their computations, there's no more margin for error than in time, tide, or a quotation by Basil Davenport on "Down You Go."

The lowest insurance is held by individuals who are exactly 5′ high, avers B. F. Blair, president of Provident Mutual. Their policies average $2,979. The 5′-6″ clan average $3,976. Strapping six-footers average $5,070. And the folks who tower over us at 6′-4″ hold average policies of $6,180. The Provident Mutual people emphasize that they're not pointing out any moral with all this, nor have they any idea of whys and wherefores; they're justing giving the facts, ma'am.

Sales Management gives additional encouragement to elongated males with statistics to the effect that on the general average sales managers are 5′-10″ to their sales forces' 5′-9″; railroad prexies 5′-11″ to stationmasters' 5′-9½″, and bishops 5′-10½″ to book publishers' 5′-8¾″.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS HITS the jackpot at the ripe old age of eighty-four. His "Grandfather Stories" is the midsummer selection of the BOMC. If all authors were as wonderful to deal with as Sam Adams, fewer publishers would have gray hair. . . . Startling contrast to Mr. Adams: a youngish author in these parts is completing his fourth novel. All four bear different imprints! If that lad keeps writing, he's going to run out of publishers. . . . Upcoming Literary Guild selections: "Excelsior," by Paul Hyde Bonner; "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," by Sloan Wilson; "Band of Angels," by Robert Penn Warren. . . . Loyal Chicago scriveners are still striking back at A. J. Liebling's "aspersions" on their occasionally fair city. Arthur Meeker's next book is entitled "To Chicago with Love," and will give, he says, the *correct* history of the city from 1895 to 1935. . . . Editor Bob Giroux has moved his blue pencils from Harcourt to Farrar, Straus. . . . Prexy of Harper's: Ray Harwood; new V.P. at S. and S.: Emil Staral.

ANTHONY GLYN IS COMPLETING for Doubleday a biography of his grandma Elinor, who gave a new meaning to the word "it," and whose torrid novel

"Three Weeks" sold over 5,000,000 copies in 1907 (Those were the days!) . . . . Putnam has set a fall publication date for "Mr. New York," the autobiography of Grover Whalen. Mr. Whalen today is chairman of the board of Coty, Inc., but countless thousands will remember him as grand panjandrum of the World's

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Fair of 1939 and official greeter of every big-shot who visited Manhattan from the days of the Little Flower to the decline and fall of Bill O'Dwyer.

ARMY ARCHERD TELLS HOW to spot true San Franciscans (especially those from the Fisherman's Wharf area): they now inquire, "Lessee, what was the name of that dame who married Joe Di Maggio?" . . . Army also discovered that the latest U.S. Printing Office catalogue lists two new pamphlets in this order: "Pre-Natal Care," followed by "History of the Labor Movement." . . . Kirk Douglas is penciled in to play Van Gogh in the screen version of Irving Stone's "Lust for Life," and contrary to some predictions he didn't have to give his right ear to land the part. . . . Stanley Kramer, his multi-million-dollar production of "Not As a Stranger" safely in the can, will next devote his attention to "Pride and Passion," based on C. S. Forrester's "The Gun." . . . For safety's sake, a recent conclave of Hollywood agents was called to order in a chop suey emporium. All the agents preferred steak but they refused to trust one another with knives. . . . Harry Kurnitz told Caskie Stinnett about the day a writer invaded the two-by-four office of a struggling agent with a small package in his arms. "What's in that package?" demanded the suspicious agent. "An inflatable lifeboat that will hold eight men," said the writer. "One more wisecrack," decreed the agent, "and I no longer represent you. Now what's in that package?" So the writer opened the package, pushed the button on the compressed air cylinder, and fled. The boat backed the agent so tightly into a corner it took the fire department to hack him out.

CAPTAIN JAN CWIKLINSKI was in command of the Polish motorship *Batory* when Gerhardt Eisler was spirited aboard and hustled away from the jurisdiction of the U.S. courts. The Captain knew nothing about this. In fact, for allowing Scotland Yard officials to remove Eisler forcibly from the ship when it touched at Southampton Captain Cwiklinski got a ringing rebuke from his Communist bosses in his home port of Gdynia.

In "The Captain Leaves His Ship" Cwiklinski tells not only of his career under Communist domination—with a crew consisting largely of spies and secret agents—but of his final break for freedom. He concludes with a solemn warning that should be read very carefully:

"There are people in the world today who hold that it is possible for nations that are free to 'co-exist' with Communism. I do not believe it. It is as impossible for freedom to co-

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES

Editor-in-Chief KENNETH M. SETTON, *Columbia University*

VOLUME I - THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

Editor: Marshall W. Baldwin, New York University

Contributors: Sidney Painter, Benjamin Wheeler, Hilmar Krueger, Robert S. Lopez, Steven Runciman, H. A. R. Gibb, Bernard Lewis, Claude Cahen, Peter Charanis, Frederic Duncalf, James Lea Cate, Harold S. Fink, Robert L. Nicholson, Virginia G. Berry. Cartographer: Harry W. Hazard.

After eight years of planning and research, the first of five volumes is now ready for publication. Much credit must be given to the late Professor John L. LaMonte who gave the project its vast momentum. The book contains 694 pages, 19 chapters, 3 illustrations, 14 maps in 2 colors and a complete gazetteer. It has been printed in monotype in Germany and bound in raw linen there. The size is 7 x 10 inches. Ready May 16, 1955. Price, $12.00.

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exist successfully with Communism as for an individual to co-exist successfully with cancer. For Communism is a cancer of the body politic of the world—a malignant growth incapable of remaining static or of coming to be benign. The death of the individual is the only end for which cancer is ideally fitted. The death of liberty is Communism's only certain goal."

JOE HARRINGTON, *Boston Post* columnist, invited a prominent barrister to be guest of honor at a Press Club dinner. "Black tie," Joe reminded him. The barrister showed up wearing his black tie all right—and a plaid business suit. . . . Fred Allen got up at the crack of dawn recently to plug his book, "Treadmill to Oblivion," on a lady-interviewer's yummy little TV program. Allen lamented later, "Not only did the program fail to sell a single book, but some so-and-so stole my sample copy!" . . . A writer who avoided matrimony by some miracle through a courtship that lasted eleven years finally startled his friends by announcing his formal engagement. Somebody asked, "Was her father surprised?" "Was he!" answered the writer. "The gun nearly fell out of his hands!" . . . Peter Windsor warns, "Don't let them go too far cleaning up all the comic books that might be too harmful to children, or there will be an awful lot of adults without anything to read." Peter also suggests a name for a villain: Upton O. Good. . . . Add to your list of punning newspaper titles: The *Olivet Optic,* The *Ayr Circulator,* The *Linton Serge,* The *Mylo Minute,* The *Rolette Wheel,* the *Bonilla Extract,* and the *Lead Kindly Light.* Thank you, Joe Brewer, Barbara Schindler, and Vern Scofield.

JIM FARRELL, after years of soul-searching, has finally sold his Studs Lonigan novels to Hollywood for a sum roughly equivalent to the United States debt. A big soap manufacturer is also at Jim's door angling for the TV rights. He'd probably like to call *his* production *Suds* Lonigan. . . . Joe Hayes, another prospering scrivener (his "Desperate Hours" will earn him three separate fortunes as a book, a play, and a movie), still pounds his typewriter religiously every weekday from nine to eleven and from three to six. "I'm against mood, working instinctively, and all that nonsense," he told *Cue* magazine's Emory Lewis. "Recently I met a famous author at a party. He gleefully explained, with soul-tearing gestures, that he had written four *whole* paragraphs that day. I am a pretty quiet fellow, but I felt a powerful urge to poke him one in the nose." —BENNETT CERF.

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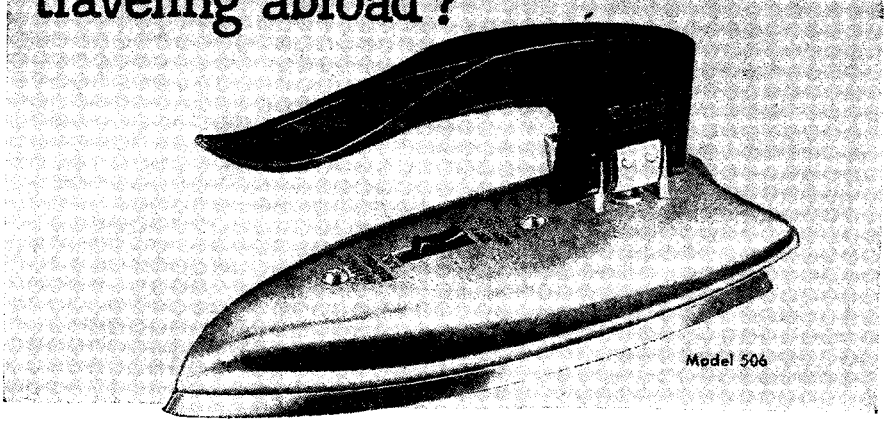

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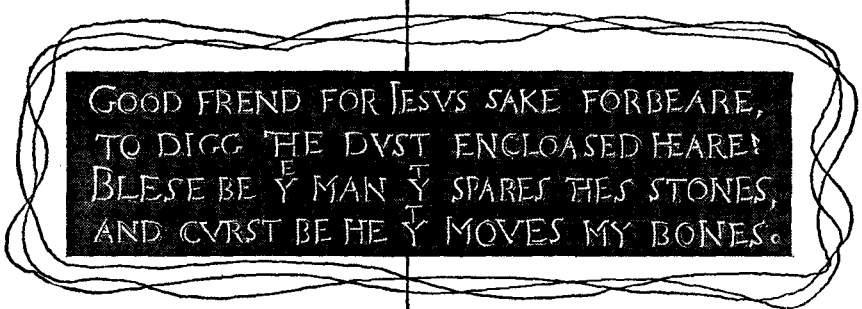
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BLESE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES,
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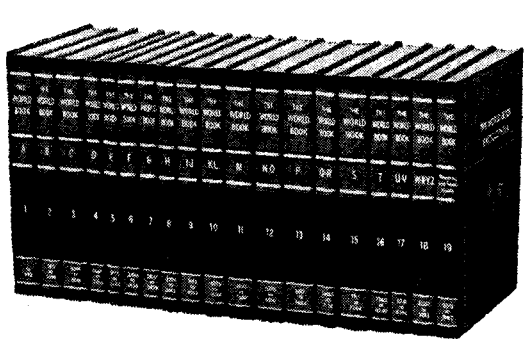

There is much to be read between these lines carved on the headstone at the bard's final resting place. What appears to be an epitaph is actually an ingenious device employed by Shakespeare to prevent the disturbing of his grave.

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MAY 14, 1955

OUR FAITH AND DOCTOR FREUD

EDITOR'S NOTE: No matter how hard theologians try to avoid it (see Robert Bierstedt's review on page 18), the Church is forever getting involved in disputing the limits of Human Reason. It wasn't until the edition of 1835 that the Roman Catholic Church removed Copernicus's works from the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* (he had died in 1543); later, in the Victorian Age, Darwin's "Origin of Species" drove frantic many Protestants committed to a "fundamentalist" reading of the Old Testament. Now, in the mid-twentieth century, the New Physics and the New Pyschology—which together posit a universe of ephemeral and arbitrary phantoms—are needling men of faith. How much of faith is phantom? How much real? Erwin R. Goodenough, professor of the history of religion at Yale University and author of many works on ancient religions, here explains that the problems of modern faith are no different from what they have always been; that "wish projections" and symbols are all that man has ever known about life and truth; and that the moral questions of life remain as always for faith to answer. The article is an excerpt from Professor Goodenough's forthcoming book "Toward a Mature Faith" (Prentice-Hall).

By E. R. GOODENOUGH

DEPTH psychology is more commonly called psychiatry or Freudianism. It is neither of these strictly speaking, for both of them are clinical techniques in the treatment of patients who are emotionally or mentally disturbed—the two terms are hard to distinguish. But behind these techniques of treatment lie theories, working hypotheses in the sense of the historian and scientist, about the nature of the mind or, more comprehensively, the psyche, and the way it functions. These hypotheses constitute a psychological theory called depth psychology, in spite of the fact that experimental psychologists want to imprison the term psychology within the confines of their own theories and methods. It was this conception which profoundly affected all of us in the Twenties and Thirties of this century, and which seems so devastatingly opposed to religious traditions and attitudes.

Freud I never knew, but when Jung was in the United States in 1938 he took deep interest in my work on symbols. He spent many hours in my study, scrutinizing the material I was gathering and giving highly stimulating suggestions as to its meaning. More and more I came to think in terms of the new world of the unconscious which Freud and Jung had opened up. I was never happy with the systematic accounts of psychology given by either of these men, insofar as they can be said to have made systematic accounts at all. And, to my deep regret, I could never afford to be analyzed. But I came more and more to feel the truth of a remark made by a psychologist friend of mine, himself a behaviorist, that in the history of psychology—that is, for the understanding of men, their motives and goals—Freud stood in the same place as Newton in the history of physics. Since history, and even more the history of religion, is primarily a study of man's motives and goals, it seemed to me that we could no longer write or think with the old attitudes toward our data.

Depth psychology is so widely disputed and variously explained that a word must be said at the outset as to what I mean when I speak of it. The term itself covers a number of schools of thought, all of which go back to Freud and to his discovery that beneath man's conscious mind is a whole realm of mental activity of which he is not directly aware. What we "have in mind" at any one instant is an infinitesimal fraction of what is in our

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"I must be getting old. It seems to take more and more courage every night to leave the cozy security of the office for the stern realities of home."

minds, or what is going on there. Freud divided this great body of activity and material into two sorts. In the "preconscious" mind are memories, things known, which can be "called to mind" at will—as you will instantly do when I suggest that you recall the French word for "mother." The chances are very slight that as you read the preceding paragraphs you had *mère* "in mind" at all, but it was there just the same—in what Freud called the preconscious.

Then there are a great number of memories which we never recover at all. They are buried so deep that they seem to rub against that phase of our minds which controls the pulsing of our hearts, the secretions of our stomach and glands, and the other processes of our physical nature. This deepest dungeon of our memories Freud called "the unconscious." Only in our dreams are we aware of these "repressions," said Freud, and even then the censor rarely lets them come out without heavy disguises. But Freud showed very clearly that these repressed experiences profoundly affect us in that they form our tastes, our emotional reactions, and indeed the pattern of our lives.

ONE of the most important ideas for religion in this thinking is the conception called "wish projection." Wish projection is a mechanism by which when we want something very much it suddenly seems to take shape before our eyes. The simplest manifestation of this is in our dreams, where our wishes take bodily form and we have adventures with them.

A woman told me a dream she had had—that she was back home as a girl and a suitor was calling; but her father came in and ordered the suitor out. The young man left, slamming the door. I simply remarked to her that I did not know her father was given to slamming doors, and she said yes, that her mother was always scolding him for doing so. The dream was at once apparent. The father was there as himself the suitor, identified by the door slamming, and he was also the censor who drove the suitor out. In both roles the father was a wish projection—both as an illicit object of desire and as the basis for her adjustment to society by banishing the desire. (This last sentence is quite abstract—the kind of thinking we do in the conscious mind. In contrast the thinking done in our unconscious minds is carried on in pictures, or snatches of images, such as the young girl's dream of "Mr. Right," the young man's ideal of his future wife, of his true accomplishment in life.)

The process of projection is twofold—one when we do our own image-making, as in our dreaming by night or day, or in our creative thinking; and the other when we live in a fantasy presented to us ready-made in a myth, a novel, a play. Sometimes this is done consciously, as an undergraduate told me he did at the movies. He liked to go to Westerns and play the part of the hero throughout, especially at the final kiss. Most of us do this unconsciously. This is the great value of literature, especially novels. The common phrase is that it carries us "into another world." It is escapism, escape from the world of humdrum, anxiety, and pressure in which we live.

We accept the projected fantasies of others not only in the form of poetry, painting, and the novel. We accept similar projections in religion. Religion offers a cultural projection, one formed through the ages and taught to the little child. The great religious teachers have been people who projected ideas and figures of the kind that answered the needs of their culture. Like Jesus and the prophets, such teachers have often been rejected by the vested guardians of other sorts of religious traditions. The teachings of the great leaders in religion have endured simply on the pragmatic basis that they, in contrast to the others, projected dreams of God and of right, of the way to spiritual (and physical) security which really helped the men who accepted them.

Why do I call these teachings about God and the gods wish projection? The idea is by no means original with me. Freud called them "illusions," but this term I sharply reject. The fact is that no one would have any hesitation in describing figures such as the gods of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, and Greece and Phoenicia, and Persia and China, to say nothing of the gods of savages, as wish projections. The very ferocity of some of them, like Baal of Syria, who demanded that one sacrifice to him one's first-born son, is an asset. This ferocity is just what men want to turn against their enemies, and the reward of sacrificing the first child is that one has many more children afterwards. Good or bad, kind or ferocious, we recognize all these gods as wish projections—all except our own.

But should we, can we, make that exception? I do not think we can. Whether men justify their projection by arguments about the nature of the Infinite or the Absolute, or just believe in God as they have learned about him as children, he still seems to me to be as much a projection in our civilization as among the Aztecs or the Eskimos. This means not that there is no God, but only that all human notions of him are projections. That is why I reject so sharply

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Critic's Domain

"The Republic of Letters," by Louis Kronenberger *(Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pp. $3.75), is a collection of twenty essays on writers and writing of many centuries, but mostly on those of the eighteenth.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

OF the essays which compose Louis Kronenberger's new book, "The Republic of Letters," nine are devoted to writers of the eighteenth century, eleven to figures of a later time. Among the former are Alexander Pope, Lady Mary Montagu, and Edward Gibbon; among the latter Byron, Chekhov, Shaw, and H. L. Mencken. The essays themselves were written at various times during the last dozen years and they have appeared in various places—some, apparently as book reviews and some as prefaces. But despite the range of subjects and the variety of the occasions which produced them they are both meatier and more of a piece than collections of such materials usually are. Perhaps the best are those dealing with the eighteenth century, but they all, besides being shrewd and informed, exhibit that same gift for clear and pointed statement which is Mr. Kronenberger's most striking virtue as a writer.

The first concern of his criticism is to clarify and to define. Beyond that he may defend a taste, recreate an impression, or expound a theory. But definition is his most constant occupation and his distinctions frequently crystalize into sharp phrases. Yet even when they do so their special virtue is precisely that which he admires in the phrases of La Rochefoucauld, to whom the very first essay is devoted. Such sharp phrases we are tempted to call epigrams and such in one sense they are but it is not in the sense which the term most usually implies. It is their compactness and precision and truth, not anything startling or paradoxical or merely astonishing, which make them memorable.

When, for example, he remarks that "the eighteenth-century aristocrat owned everything . . . except the future" or that "the business of abusing Pope may have stopped but the business of appreciating him has hardly begun" there is cleverness in the rhetorical arrangement of the statement but the cleverness does not exist for its own sake and one may say of him precisely what he says of La Rochefoucauld: "So little, at bottom, was he concerned with being merely clever that where he misses fire it is through sententiousness rather than levity . . . Compact as he is in expression, the brilliance of his maxims lies less in their verbal polish than in their naked meaning."

LYTTON STRACHEY, another expounder of the eighteenth century, once wrote: "Johnson's esthetic judgments are almost invariably subtle or solid or bold; they have always some

Lady Montagu and Pope—"the soundness of their positions and the truths they tell."

—Leo Friedman.

THE AUTHOR: For cultured, bespectacled, tweedy Louis Kronenberger, drama critic for *Time* (circ. 1,860,512), there is always one sort of show or another to review. A Cincinnatian of multiple facets, Kronenberger, when he isn't (1) adapting plays; (2) compiling anthologies; (3) stethoscoping society; (4) professoring at Brandeis; or (5) touring The Eighteenth Century, tightly time-capsules his day between his twenty-ninth-floor office in the *Time-Life-Fortune-Sports Illustrated* cottage in New York's Rockefeller Center (his window looks down on sidewalk *opera bouffe*) and an aisle seat on Broadway (he has been *Time*'s pungent arbiter of hits and flops since 1938). The other day Kronenberger, peering over his windowsill tomes ("Biosophy," "The Gardeners Are Coming," and "World Almanac") to the cement stage below, swiveled in his chair and discussed the various components of his fifty years shyly, soft-spokenly, reluctantly. "I sort of bounced around," he began. "An occasional play, an occasional novel, a book about Twentieth-Century American life, and Eighteenth-Century English life. A sort of variety, and I've sort of enjoyed it. It's had the charm and, in a very modest sense, the kind of education that goes with learning to do a number of things and not just one." (Outside, typewriters clickety-clacked as *Time*men wrote in their literary-hiccup style.) Reminded of his success as a salesman of The Eighteenth Century (sample: "Kings and Desperate Men," 1942) Kronenberger wittily pooh-poohed it all. "I think the charm of the Eighteenth in many ways is that one lives in the Twentieth." Added Kronenberger: "The Eighteenth appeals to the artist in you but repels the human being." He then commented on his latest adaptation—" 'Heavenly Twins,' based on a French comedy, that will come out in the fall"; on reviewing—"you can sometimes dash off a favorable review in twenty minutes, it's panning that is difficult"; and on the 1954-1955 theatre season—"it has been an interesting but not at all a distinguished one." No puller of punches, he. —BERNARD KALB.

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recommend them—except one: they are never right." Now this is not true but only what, to suit Strachey's convenience, ought to have been. Mr. Kronenberger would never have been tempted to say any such thing because he cares more for truth than for either brilliance or wit or comedy as Strachey or Wilde understood them. Either of these two last could sometimes be true as well as "brilliant." Kingsley's implication notwithstanding, the choice between cleverness and virtue does not always have to be made. Thus Wilde is revealing a truth as well as getting off a phrase in such a jibe as that Mr. Kronenberger quotes in another connection: "The gods have bestowed on Max [Beerbohm] the gift of eternal old age." But both Wilde and Strachey could often be clever without being true and sometimes, even, neither clever nor true. And it is only in the latter case that we are really distressed. We don't read them to learn anything, only to be entertained.

If Mr. Kronenberger is one of our very best interpreters of the eighteenth century it may be for a reason which the nature of his phrases suggests. He admires the writers of that century for the soundness of their positions and for the truths they tell—which is less usual than one might at first sight suppose. He is not, like so many, interested primarily in their eccentricity, their picturesqueness, their free-living, or the quaintness of their stubbornly wrongheaded opinions. He is interested in the fact that something can be said for their attitudes and their way of life; that Pope and Johnson and others said many true and wise things clearly and well. Unlike some who do share that conviction, he is not uncritical. But he genuinely admires and is not merely "interested in" the century's achievements. And the reader who wants to know what these achievements are could hardly do better than to read his essay on "The Eighteenth-Century Ideal."

Dreamer with His Dander Up

"The Letters of W. B. Yeats," edited by Allan Wade *(Macmillan. 938 pp. $9.50), by offering a representative sampling of the Irish poet-playwright's correspondence, illustrates the breadth of his thinking and doing. DeLancey Ferguson, who reviews it below, recently retired as chairman of the English department at Brooklyn College.*

By DeLancey Ferguson

WHAT Dublin needs, said W. B. Yeats to Stephen Gwynn in 1906, "is some man who knows his own mind and has an intolerable tongue and a delight in enemies." The immediate occasion was one of the foredoomed attempts to found an Irish literary magazine, but the remark might almost be a summary of the poet's public career. Mystic and realist, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, dreamer and doer, Yeats never lost his zest for fighting.

A typical letter of his begins, "I am in high spirits this morning, seeing my way to a most admirable row." The sentiment recurs throughout the correspondence; only in his low moments does he admit weariness. As early as 1895 he told Katharine Tynan, "When I am tired this endless war with Irish stupidity gets on my nerves. Either you or I could have had more prosperous lives probably if we left Ireland alone and went our ways on the high seas—certainly we could have had more peaceable lives." But if Yeats had been condemned to keep the peace he would have been unhappy. He spent his life trying to bring drama and poetry to a nation that did not want them, and that was the Quixote in him. He knew that his efforts were as hopeless as Cuchulain's fight with the waves, and that was the Sancho Panza in him. The Don attended seances, cast horoscopes, and listened to fortune-tellers; Sancho lived on twenty-five shillings a week and helped to support his father and sisters.

In every phase of his temperament Yeats was, as Allan Wade remarks, in his new collection of "Letters of W. B. Yeats," "among the most communicative of letter-writers; whatever happened to him, whatever he did or wrote, what opinions he formed—all must be told to somebody." More often than not, it must be told to a woman. A couple of years before his death he told Ethel Mannin, "We poets would die of loneliness but for women, and we choose our men friends that we may have somebody to talk about women with." Five women, some of them beautiful, all of them brilliant, were the recipients of at least half the letters in this volume: Katharine Tynan, Lady Gregory, Florence Farr, Olivia Shakespear, Dorothy Wellesley. Even so, the tale is incomplete.

Yeats's devotion to Maud Gonne was probably the keenest, as it was certainly the most painful, emotional experience of his earlier manhood. But all her papers are said to have been destroyed in the Irish Civil War. The reader gets only oblique glimpses of her in the letters to other people, from a transparent disclaimer of interest in her, in 1889, to the last flicker, in 1917, of the old infatuation, when he proposed to Miss Gonne's daughter, Iseult, and was refused.

Also missing from this edition, by Mrs. Yeats's request, are all letters to the poet's wife and children. His letters to other people are full of allusions to Mrs. Yeats, but she is even excluded from the index, whether as Mrs. W. B. Yeats or as Georgina Hyde-Lees.

SOME of Yeats's male correspondents, George Moore among them, seem to have destroyed all the letters they received. AE was an inveterate tearer-up; so apparently was Synge. John O'Leary ("Romantic Ireland's dead

(*Continued on page* 44)

I'd Cancel His Poetic License

By Vernon Nash

I THINK that I shall ever be
Bemused beneath Joyce Kilmer's tree.
Its mouth, we're told, 'gainst the earth is pressed
While winter's snows lie on its breast.
That tree has eyes in the back of its head
To perform the feats of which we've read,
And the limbs of which the poet sings
Must grow from its upper back like wings.
How else, mouth down, look at God all day
While lifting leafy arms to pray?
Fool juxtapositions sprout in poesies;
Not even God e'er made such trees.

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America Loses Its Innocence

"Part of Our Time," by Murray Kempton *(Simon & Schuster. 334 pp. $4), is an account of the radical movement of the Thirties, told through profiles of a number of individuals who played typical roles. Here it is reviewed by Daniel Bell, associate editor of* Fortune, *whose study of the American Left will shortly be reissued in a new edition by Anchor Books.*

By Daniel Bell

FOR A small group the Thirties have a special meaning. These are the individuals who went through the radical movement and who bear, as on invisible frontlets, the stamp of those years on their foreheads. The number was small. Of the four million college and high-school youths less than 20,000 or one-half of 1 per cent took part in radical activity. But, like the drop of dye that suffuses the cloth, this number gave the decade its coloration.

A radical is a prodigal son. For him the world is a strange place whose contours have to be explored according to one's destiny. He may eventually return to the house of his elders, but the return is by choice and not, as of those who stayed behind, because of unblinking filial obedience. A resilient society, like a wise parent, understands this ritual and, in meeting the challenge to tradition, grows.

But in the Thirties the fissures were too deep. Seemingly there was no home to return to. One could only march forward. Everybody seemed to be tramp, tramp, tramping. "Marching, Marching," was the title of a prize-winning proletarian novel. There were parades, picketing, protests, farm holidays, and even a general strike in San Francisco. There was also a new man, the Communist. Not just the radical, always alien, always testing, yet open in his aims, the Communist was a hidden soldier in a war against society.

In a few short years the excitement evaporated. The labor movement grew fat and bureaucratized. The political intellectuals became absorbed into the New Deal. The *papier-mâché* proletarian novelists went on to become Hollywood hacks. And, yet, only by understanding the fate of the prodigal sons, and the Communists, can one understand the loss of innocence that is America's distinctive experience of the Thirties.

Murray Kempton—"adolescent ache."

IN A new book called "Part of Our Time" Murray Kempton looks at a small band who dreamed and who—because of having a dream "possessed no more doubting"—sought to impress that dream into action. But in action one defines one's character. In some the iron became brittle, in some it became hard; others cast the iron away and still others were crushed. In the end almost all had lost the dream, and the world was only doubt.

The story opens, naturally enough, with Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers. Kempton retells the familiar story, but with a special nuance. What united the strange pair was their symbiotic relation to Baltimore, a mildewed city, which was Kempton's home and whose musty character he captures so well. Hiss, from a shabby, genteel Baltimore family, fled its faded elegance to meet Chambers, the tortured man from the underground, who settled gratefully into its Victorian dust. Each found in the secret craving of the other the lives they were rejecting until, locked in defeat, they both sank beneath the waters.

The story spreads out and touches on the writers attracted by the myth of the revolutionary collective, the "rebel girls," the militant labor leaders, the youth movements, and others who were riding the crest of history's wave. It is not a formal history of the Left, but a series of novellas. What gives it its special cast, and enormous appeal, is the elegiac mood, the touch of adolescent ache in the writing.

A descendent from an old Southern family, James Murray Mason Ambler Kempton carries many bloodlines in his full name. In the Thirties he was, briefly, a college Communist, went to sea, became a Socialist, and, fleeing the deracinated talk of New York intellectuals, he enlisted and found a community, for a while, in the fighting platoons of New Guinea. Like all utopian moments, it has vitality only in memory, rather than enduring social reality, and Kempton returned to New York, where for the past six years, as a widely-read columnist on the *New York Post,* he has become another Brann the iconoclast.

There are no villains in the book—none so wholly black that some degree of pity does not remain—only the pathos of those—who living a lie became consumed by it: John Howard Lawson, whose nervous "Processional" promised a new style in the American theatre, but who as a Hollywood commissar played at revolution by trying to smuggle a line of "progressive dialogue" into a banal movie; Lee Pressman, the taut, brilliant CIO lawyer, trusted by Philip Murray, who fell apart at the end; Ann Moos Remington, the prototype of the "rebel girl" who would marry ardent William Remington only if he would join the Young Communist League,

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Sunday Times.

"Russian Ballet."

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and later, as his ex-wife, testified against him in a perjury trial.

There are heroes, and, unlike many disenchanted, Kempton has a few—the radical breed who, patronized by the tough-minded "realists," retained their kindness and idealism: Jim Farrell, an unpolished novelist, perhaps, whose bull-headed grasp of truth sent him rampaging against the Communist writer fronts; Gardner (Pat) Jackson, who organized the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, but ran afoul of the Communist amoralists; Mary Heaton Vorse, who wrote of labor not as an abstract collective but as individuals; Edmund Wilson, whose canons of criticism kept him to a path of his own.

There are many others: the incredible J. B. Matthews, a political Reverend Davidson, who having slept with the Red Sadie Thompsons got lascivious contrition in exposing them; John Dos Passos, who found the Communist manipulations too frightening for his anarchist impulses and turned Republican; Joe Curran, who in going from the park bench to labor leader became trapped by the dilemmas of responsibility, and was forced to sweep aside his old rebel cohorts; the Reuther boys, uncomplicated by bohemian trappings, who soberly have sought to instil a sense of social discipline in America. And many others: the middle-class Vassar girls, the boy who went and died in Spain, the Negroes who rebuffed the Communists and obtained a new dignity. Like Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" or Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," it is the story of a generation, and if sometimes lacking the personal element of those accounts of the Twenties, it has a sweep and power fired by the ache for the lost Arcadia.

In the end the generation failed. Not because the idealistic impulses became exhausted; this is the inevitable trajectory, perhaps, of any radical generation. Not because events had belied the predictions; this is a healthier America. But because this may well have been the *last* radical generation, the last because it was the first that tasted some power and was corrupt. Yet it is not only that power corrupts but, as Alex Comfort once said, corrupt men seek power. And the seed of the corruption was the pride of the vision, the contempt for the weak, the *hubris* of "the possessed."

CORRECTION: On the index-page [*SR* Apr. 9] the cover-art was wrongly attributed to Hal McIntosh. The drawing was the work of Irving Metzl.

Our National Symptoms

"Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties," by Samuel A. Stouffer *(Doubleday. 279 pp. $4), analyzes public opinion on some of the most burning issues of our day. Gordon W. Allport, who reviews it below, is professor of psychology at Harvard and author of "The Nature of Prejudice."*

By Gordon N. Allport

—*Walter R. Fleischer.*

S. A. Stouffer—"a timely diagnosis."

NOW that the fever of McCarthyism has abated somewhat we find ourselves wondering about the state of health of the afflicted American people. In "Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties," S. A. Stouffer of Harvard University offers us a timely diagnosis, patterned along the lines of "The American Soldier," his imposing report on the morale of the American Army in World War II. Using an improved variant of the public-opinion poll he takes the nation's temperature and tests for its political anxieties, hysterical symptoms, and immunities.

Since the report deals with an emotion-laden subject, it may well become controversial as did Dr. Kinsey's. Some critics will scrutinize it for its statistical soundness; others will find its array of percentages as soulless as stock quotations on ticker tape. Still others will challenge its interpretations and call for a clearer statement of the presuppositions of value underlying them. Critics of method or findings, I predict, will not get far. There has never been a more careful, more reliable, or more costly survey made of a cross-section of American opinion on an issue of deep ideological significance. Every known safeguard in the interest of accuracy was employed, including the use of the expensive "probability method" of sampling and the services of two of the best polling agencies working independently. Their results confirm one another's almost perfectly.

As to the state of the country's health, the author tells us in clear and unadorned prose, aided by charts and tables, that there is no acute hysteria. In the first place, most Americans are not worried about the Communist threat from within or from without. They find problems of family life, health, employment far more absorbing. An Idaho farmer, for example, worries only about "wind and sand." The wife of a taxidriver is disturbed chiefly by the lack of a yard for the children to play in.

People are even less concerned about current threats to their fundamental liberties. Thirteen per cent, to be sure, feel less free to speak their minds than formerly, but most of these are not deeply disturbed by the restraint. (The study does not include Government employees or schoolteachers excepting as these fall in proper proportion in the national sample.)

IF Communism is not a primary concern of most people it is nevertheless an appreciable secondary concern. The majority would meet it with repressive measures. Only 6 per cent, for example, would allow a Communist to teach in college; only 29 per cent would let him sing on the radio. But the attitude of repression reaches far beyond Communism. Nearly two-thirds would ban from the public libraries books on atheism if anyone entered a complaint against them. About the same number would deny to an atheist the right of free speech.

In spite of such evidence of widespread intolerance the author is optimistic. He points to his finding that people with more education are emphatically more tolerant of non-conformists than are people with less education. If we may assume that one of the aims of education is to inculcate tolerance for dissenting opinion, educators may draw solid comfort from this evidence of their success. As a larger proportion of Americans

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obtain more education the tolerance level of the nation will rise.

Another ground for optimism lies in the fact that community leaders—a special study is made of them—are far more tolerant than the rank and file. Their influence, properly used, can make for balance. It turns out, furthermore, that people who are mobile, who have a wide range of human contacts, tend to be more tolerant. Therefore as mobility and urbanization increase we can expect further gains.

In spite of such reassurance many of the findings remain starkly chilling. While millions of us are jittery about Communism in a mild way, relatively few have a clear idea what Communism is. One citizen suspects a neighbor of being a Commie because he owns a foreign camera, another because he speaks well of the United Nations. If you advocate government ownership of railroads, a quarter of your fellow citizens will suspect you. If you oppose religion or the Church, even if you manifest no other subversive symptoms, one-sixth will think you are a Communist. Such ignorance is dangerous enough, but greater menace lies in the fact that only a third of us believe it is important "to protect the rights of innocent people even if some Communists are not found." An absolute majority prefer "to find out all Communists even if some innocent people should be hurt."

The author admits that our civil liberties, like our top soil, may be undergoing a slow erosion, too slow to discern in a single survey. Yet, on the whole, he tends to be cheerful. If we can repair our national ignorance about Communism he predicts that "sober second thoughts" will guide our hearts and maintain our heritage. Other prophets contemplating the same data will be more gloomy. The facts, so far as they go, are incontestable. What we make of them is another matter.

Chief Execucides

PRESIDENT-KILLERS: On November 1, 1950, Richard J. Donovan, Washington correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, was walking near the White House when he heard shots. Racing toward them, he was one of the first to reach Blair House when two Puerto Rican nationalists made an attempt on the life of President Truman. He immediately began covering the story, and later wrote a much-praised start-to-finish account of it. This gave him a hunch that other Presidential assassinations and near-assassinations would be worth look-

(*Continued on page* 43)

FICTION

". . . what better moral now than the oneness of mankind?"

Indian Village—Intimate View

"Nectar in a Sieve," by Kamala Markandaya *(John Day. 248 pp. $3.50), presents a vivid picture of the day-to-day life of average people in an Indian village.*

By John Frederick Muehl

FOR QUITE a few years now the people at the John Day Company have been looking for "a book that would do for India what Pearl Buck's 'The Good Earth' has done for China." What they have meant, presumably, was a book which painted an equally vivid picture of the land and its people while at the same time possessing those elusive qualities which make for mass sales and, more important, mass appeal. They seem finally to have it in Kamala Markandaya's "Nectar in a Sieve." Here is certainly a vivid picture of the Indian villager, and since it has been chosen for distribution by the Book-of-the-Month Club the sale and probably the appeal seem assured.

One caution: I would not call it a well-planned novel. It is a powerful book, but the power is in the content, in the story that it tells of an Indian family from marriage, through childbirth, to poverty and death. You read it because it answers so many real questions: What is the day-to-day life of the villager like? How does a village woman really think of herself? What goes through the minds of people who are starving? Miss Markandaya manages to answer all of these questions, haltingly at times, and lacking some of the graces, but with a respect for her characters and a belief in her story that more than make up for her literary lapses.

If anything, the thesis of the book is understated. With due modesty, the author avoids the polemic and has chosen instead to tell her story through the eyes of the imperceptive and long-suffering Rukmani. This was a wise decision, for it identifies the reader with a character almost as uncomprehending as himself and lends weight to a whole line of dialogue and explanation which otherwise would seem like gratuitous asides. "Why?" Rukmani continues to ask of each new and more completely unreasonable catastrophe. But the question, of course, is not answered in the book, nor is it ever answered for the people like Rukmani.

I find myself thinking in terms of categories; there have been a lot of books lately with realistic foreign settings, enough perhaps to constitute a tradition. We might call it the tradition of the International Documentary. There is Pearl Buck, of course, and Alan Paton. John Hersey and H. E. Bates would certainly qualify. But then the novel has always been morally focused. And what better moral now than the oneness of mankind?

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Behind the Façade

***"The Seagull on the Step," by Kay Boyle** (Alfred A. Knopf. 247 pp. $3.50), diagnoses the ailments of post-war France through the life of a tiny fishing village.*

By James Kelly

IF THE mark of a literary style is its recognition quality then the poetic journalism of Kay Boyle must be stamped and passed. One thinks (naturally) of Rex Warner, Rumer Godden, and Katherine Anne Porter among her peers. Or of Miss Boyle's dozen novels, countless short stories, and sentient foreign dispatches for *The New Yorker* among exhibits submitted. Whether or not her new novel, "The Seagull on the Step," comes off as planned, there is always this light-struck, beautifully articulated prose to weave a spell. Sometimes the action is without movement or excitement, like still shots from a very good camera. Sometimes the characters are more cerebral points of view than flesh and blood, partially obscured by anger or passion or message. But always, as in this novel which diagnoses the pains of postwar France through the cosmos of a tiny fishing village, the reader comes away with a sense of having been present where interesting things are going on.

In dealing with the rankling French problem of Patriot vs. Predator and the fine web of greed, amorality, and sullen resentment which entangles idealist and cynic alike Miss Boyle finds a subject made to order. The forthright analysis of a professional observer backstops the emotion and oblique comment of a novelist. If the characters of the story seem a little like the eloquent stationary voices in a Paul Gregory production and if 247 pages seem too confined to hold the complex attitudes of all France *quelle moment*? What emerges is a mechanically (but not always credibly) plotted melodrama of ideas with a spell of its own.

We pick up our story aboard a little bus racketing through the dusty roads of the vineyard country while the red-necked young driver shouts his grievances against monarchists, Europe-firsters, and American interlopers. It is a running, noisy argument involving all passengers except a teen-age American art student, Mary Farrant. She is running away from Paris and her wealthy fiancé, Peter Cornish. But her thoughts turn toward Michael Vaillant, an idealistic former *maquis* hero who has sent a plea for any representative American to come and see first hand ". . . the deeply enduring patience of France, so poorly rewarded, so heedlessly abused."

—Jacket for "A Dream of Treason."

". . . excitement of the political world."

It is a crescendo of noise, cut off sharply when the bus brakes fail on a hill and nearly everybody dies except Mary and the aristocratic old widow Madame Marceau. Now the girl, separated from her past by amnesia, becomes absorbed in the life of the village. First as an object of hatred because she is identified as a rich American and suspected of causing the bus accident. And second because she becomes the center of a tug-of-war between Vaillant, representing Romance, and the horrible Dr. Angelo, representing Greed. In the smoldering background are bitter labor troubles between poverty-stricken fishermen and the crooked politicians.

Soon events begin to move even faster than the wayward bus on the hill. Michael is thrown into jail on the trumped-up charge that he had sabotaged the bus brakes. Mary falls into the hands of the evil Dr. Angelo when she rescues Marrakech, his Algerian mute, from a mauling by villagers. Saved at a Jack Dalton climax by intervention of the local curé, Mary manages to join ancient but resourceful Madame Marceau in exposing the real saboteur and murderer. But not without some eerie violence in the nearby caves and cliffs, another casualty or two, and display of dirty linen on all sides. At the end Peter Cornish and Michael engage in a friendly water joust, not for money or the tourist trade, but for Mary.

Most observers will agree that "The Seagull on the Step" does what its author intended: feelingly explain a complex situation behind the French façade and wrap it up in a presentable story. *Çela suffit.*

Notes

SUSPICION IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE: "A Dream of Treason" (Lippincott, $3.50) is the third novel by Maurice Edelman, a busy fellow who at forty-four is an M.P. from Coventry, president of the Franco-British Parliamentary Union, ex-war correspondent, and author of the book "France: The Birth of the Fourth Republic." But somehow Mr. Edelman does find time to write his novels, and this one crackles with the authentic excitement of the political world he knows so well. Its protagonist, Martin Lambert, is a young British Foreign Service Officer who, at the Foreign Secretary's request, "leaks" a secret paper to a French journalist. Then things backfire: the rumor spreads that it was a Communist in the Foreign Office who was responsible for the leak, an innocent fellow named Sparr-Gamby is spotted as that Communist, and when the Foreign Secretary himself is removed from it all by a plane crash only Lambert is left to carry the burden of the truth. The question: will Lambert tell all and save Sparr-Gamby? All this has the elements of a Kafka nightmare for Americans who have seen Senator McCarthy at work, but, unfortunately, it is presented merely as an agreeable thriller by Mr. Edelman, who also throws in an extraneous love story. In more capable hands Lambert's fate might have revealed something of the nature of the gangrenous suspicion with which our time has been afflicted, but in Mr. Edelman's hands the cut is shallow, stinging, but never drawing blood. —BENJAMIN H. BROWN.

ANOTHER KING ARTHUR: The King Arthur of Marvin Borowsky's **"The Queen's Knight"** (Random House, $3.95) is a far cry from the royal and glittering Arthur in whose name small boys wield wooden Excaliburs. He is a straw king, a clumsy country man, dragged up for political purposes from his guardian's, Sir Ector's, barnyard, and he is scorned by his lords and despised by his Queen. But Mr. Borowsky's Arthur, whom he has drawn freely from history, folk tales, and his own imagination, also has a naive and ridiculous dream—a dream that justice could and must be throned in Britain, that corruption in high places must end, and that even the lowest serf might stand upon his rights and his human dignity. Moreover, he sets about promoting his plans with an artless good faith which confounds his cynical court and brings his subjects flocking to his banners.

Unhappily, his rule is not to last. Deceived by Guinivere, whom he

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loves, by Launcelot, whom he holds above all men in honor, and by his people, who become disillusioned by the court scandal, he dies bloodily at the hands of the treacherous Mordred, his world in ruins about him. Against this background of squalor and magnificence, of chivalry and violence, Mr. Borowsky's story builds up to a tremendous tension and to a striking and memorable book.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

TEMPTED MALE: The fellow carrying the burden of Thomas Gallagher's novel **"The Monogamist"** (Random House, $3.50) is a solid, responsible fellow who is married, the father of grown children, and the hard-working owner of a parking garage in upper Manhattan. Slogging along the familiar road of daily habitude, he's not especially on the lookout for inviting bypaths. But then he meets a creature of fire and light in the person of a girl music student at Julliard who is young enough to be his daughter and who, unconcerned with the neat tenets of household morality, proceeds to lift him right out of himself. This rouses his wife from her vegetable torpor and our hero, whose name appropriately enough is Wisher, is buffeted between the pain of her pathetic attempts to reach through to him again and, on the other hand, the surging joy of his relationship with the girl. His very being pulses with the steady pump of the divided heart and, suddenly, in a crisis of indecision, he dies. A great deal of care has gone into the writing of "The Monogamist": Mr. Gallagher has clearly pondered the desired effect of each of his scenes and his choice of language with which to convey it. If at times the story seems uncertain, even imprecise, it is perhaps because it deals with confused motives which are difficult to dramatize honestly and with inchoate emotions which are difficult to articulate. And Mr. Gallagher, except in the oversimplified characterization of the girl, has not chosen to make things easy for himself—a decision for which discerning readers should be grateful.

—Jerome Stone.

Gerald Sykes—"Hogarthian portraits."

GOOD GIRL AT THE FRENCH COURT: The true-life Cinderella of Pamela Hill's second novel, **"The Crown and the Shadow"** (Putnam, $3.50) is one of the most astonishing characters in history. For Françoise d'Aubigne, who finally became the wife of Louis XIV, was born in prison, the child of a drunkard and debtor and of a mother who could scarcely feed herself. For a while Françoise was brought up by a beloved Huguenot aunt, but this happy period, tending turkeys and helping to cook, was short. Violent efforts were made to break her Huguenot training and bend her stubborn individuality, and these were finally successful. After periods of living in various convents, Françoise was married off to Paul Scarron, poet and buffoon, who was so crippled that their marriage was never actually consummated. But in his household she finally began to emerge. She met the *monde*, charmed the men with her looks, the women with her independence and integrity, and everyone with her intellect and wit. Some years later she was appointed governess to the King's illegitimate "princes of the blood," and later still, after the fall of the King's favorite mistress and the death of his queen, she became his wife. "The Crown and the Shadow" is a far better book than anyone has a right to expect of a young author who is studying in Glasgow to be a doctor. It calls attention to a very remarkable woman who was an incipient feminist and a brave do-gooder among the perfumed nonentities of the court. It offers history instead of histrionics.

—Charles Lee.

INTELLECTUALS' INTRIGUE: **"Children of Light"** (Farrar, Straus, $3.50), Gerald Sykes's interesting third novel, assembles a gallery of Hogarthian portraits that seem as fictional as the faces on the covers of *Time*. There is the unfrocked editor of an avant-garde review who has to start all over again "with a rented typewriter and cotton handkerchiefs" after his wife expels him from her bed and board. There is the famous playwright Cairo Thornton, with his lizard eyes and elevator shoes. There is the political officeseeker who makes a heartrending defense (simulcast) against the charge of having too much money ("I live in a plain little house . . . and drive a plain little car"). These reminiscent types and a gaggle of others are enmeshed in a canard to smear one John Trimble, a non-conforming professor-diplomat-geophysicist.

The tangled web that Mr. Sykes etches, while enhanced by his bitter caricatures, is just too involved and too diffuse to have the impact of reality. The focus of the novel is further blurred by the author's practice of having his children—both of darkness and light—indulge in such repetitive soul-searching that the book sometimes seems like a series of literate debates. Nonetheless "Children of Light" is rewarding reading —for its pliant style, it sharp satire, and its evidence of talent.

—Martin Levin.

EARLY MAURIAC: In the past few years François Mauriac's success with us has been such that publishers, having exhausted the list of his major novels, are now turning to his minor, early ones. Yet to all but highly trained eyes **"Flesh and Blood"** (translated by Gerald Hopkins; Farrar, Straus, $3) might seem contemporaneous with "L'Agneau," Mauriac's best seller of last summer in France. For the formula of his fiction was established from the outset of his career, and neither it nor the message it is designed to convey has been radically altered since that time. The setting of "Flesh and Blood" is Chateau de Lur, which a widower has bought to house his two adolescent children, Edward and May. They are joined by Claude, the bailiff's son, who, doubting his vocation, has returned from the seminary to help his father in the fields. Here we have assembled the three young actors that Mauriac habitually chooses to perform his dramas of Catholic spirituality and the

(*Continued on page* 43)

Pulitzer Prizes

THE 1955 Pulitzer Prizes for works in the arts were awarded to the following:

Fiction: **"A Fable,"** by William Faulkner (Random House).

History: **"Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History,"** by Paul Horgan (Rinehart).

Biography: **"The Taft Story,"** by William S. White (Harper).

Poetry: **"The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens"** (Alfred A. Knopf).

Drama: **"Cat on a Tin Roof,"** by Tennessee Williams.

Music: **"The Saint of Bleecker Street,"** by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

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"What Is this I Who Am Me . . . ?"

"The Self and the Dramas of History," by Reinhold Niebuhr *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 246 pp. $3.75), is an examination of the nature of the self and the tensions to which it is subjected today, by one of the foremost contemporary theologians. Here it is reviewed by Robert Bierstedt, chairman of the department of sociology at the City College of New York.*

By Robert Bierstedt

IN the current theatre of intellectual inquiry no one owns a more respected name than Reinhold Niebuhr. Theologian, philosopher, and dialectician extraordinary, he regularly addresses himself to the most complex of all of the issues which confront the reflective imagination. While academic philosophers drearily dedicate themselves to the logical analysis of propositions and while sociologists cower behind the barriers of an over-strict methodology, Niebuhr, a proud theologian, speaks out on the more profound and pressing problems of human life and society. Obsessed with a sense of sin and history he examines, in his latest book, "The Self and the Dramas of History," as in his earlier Gifford Lectures, the predicaments of man.

The first of these predicaments concerns the nature of the self. What is this I who am me, this me who am I? Ignoring as too contemptible to mention the behavioristic notion that the self is merely a series of sensations, Niebuhr devotes his argument instead to a rejection of the notion that the self is equivalent to mind. The mind no more exhausts the self than does the body. For the self speaks to the mind as well as to the body, observes the dualism between them, and judges between the disparate claims of inclination and obligation. The self is thus transcendent and contains components of conscience and of will which have little to do with reason or with external experience.

On the question of conscience, for example, Niebuhr denies both the traditional view, that it is an autonomous moral entity, and the contemporary sociological view, that it is a reflection of community norms. Conscience is neither of these, but rather an awareness of the tension between them, an awareness of a community which both frustrates and fulfils, and a tension from which all moral judgments arise. Niebuhr does not seem to notice, however, as he has on other pages, that the community which frustrates and the community which fulfils may be different communities and that an historical perspective which recognizes that the self may inhabit a multiplicity of communities in time and space can rescue the sociological view from his strictures. However this may be, Niebuhr's self communes not only with itself but also with other selves and with God and the persistence of these experiences gives it an extra, if still mysterious, dimension. An exploration of these dialogues of the self occupies the author throughout many of his erudite and exciting chapters.

A SECOND problem, too intricate to summarize here, concerns the "dialectical tension" between the Hebraic and the Hellenic elements in Western culture. In sentences packed with paradoxes Niebuhr exhibits the deficiencies of both of these approaches and suggests that Christianity has a key which can resolve their conflict. In this section he discusses in detail the inexorable process by which modern thought has moved toward "the understanding of nature and the misunderstanding of man," emphasizing that science, in its Darwinian phase, told a lot of little truths in the interest of a big lie while religion, in the same period, told a lot of little lies in the interest of a big truth.

Niebuhr attends finally to the resources of the Christian faith "in a dynamic civilization and an expanding society." How has it happened that in our efforts to renounce an incredible heaven we have constructed instead an incredible earth? The question, of course, is loaded. It invites the theologian's reply that a more credible earth requires a credible heaven. The entire intellectual apparatus of a Protestant Christianity thus comes into play and provides a comprehensive answer.

Niebuhr's style is so incisive in reciting the errors of opposing views that one hesitates to challenge him. His addiction to paradox, however, leaves him little room to appreciate the difficulties in his own position, little opportunity to recognize that it contains contradictions which may be no less impervious to resolution. Indeed, Niebuhr's own doctrines, powerful as they are, and as powerfully preached, sustain a more serious paradox than those he so penetratingly exposes. It cannot escape our attention that his demolition of rationalism is a brilliantly rational performance. It may be true, as Immanuel Kant remarks in the immortal introductory sentence to the "Critique of Pure Reason," that reason is presented with questions it can neither answer nor ignore. In these circumstances faith may be the only solution—a faith which retains its independence of Niebuhr's rational solicitations and which, on the other hand, must steadily surrender to even the littlest of scientific truths.

Central Park Spring

By Sjanna Solum

THE DAY outdid itself in loveliness!
Real seemed unreal! Now, in the mind, again
we try to clutch its transience, but confess
such wonder but a brief mirage: gold rain
of sunlight on ethereal air of spring,
magnolia trees, fresh green as bright as flame,
and birds that fairly burst their throats to sing
of jubilance that has no earthly name!

In phantom atmosphere the park-bench faces
significantly lifted to the sun
what time irrevocably interlaces
with deep experience, while not a one
but bore imprints of peace, however briefly.
It was as though the earth were born anew
for everyone—not for young lovers, chiefly,
who strolled through Eden, visiting the Zoo.

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Elemental Verities

"No Man Is an Island," by Thomas Merton *(Harcourt, Brace. 264 pp. $3.95), is a book by a Trappist monk that might well serve as a primer for the general reader interested in learning life's meaning and living accordingly.*

By Ann F. Wolfe

IN the world of the spirit there is no isolationism. "We are all members one of another," St. Paul reminds us. Living fails of its potential nobility and happiness unless we see ourselves as incorporated in the supernatural organism which is the mystical body of Christ.

As Thomas Merton demonstrates in "No Man Is an Island," the integrated life of the spirit "puts us in the fullest possible contact with reality." The layman, consequently, should find Father Merton's chapters of vital personal significance. The new book recapitulates the author's counsel to the scholastics at the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani, where he is spiritual director. In some respects it is a sequel to that prose poem on the interior life, "Seeds of Contemplation." Treating of basic verities more simply and fundamentally than the earlier work, it may well serve as a primer for the general reader interested in learning life's meaning and living accordingly.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the elementary law of human society. How love of self is indispensable to love of others constitutes the paradox of infinite sharing which Father Merton examines in the context of man's destiny. To that examination he brings his characteristic Augustinian blend of the mystical and the practical, pondering such subjects as Conscience, Freedom and Prayer; Being and Doing; Pure Intention; the Inward Solitude; Silence.

There is virtually no phase of the author's counsel to his scholastics that is not applicable to life outside the monastery. Consider those twin problems common to the human condition suffering and mistakes. Taken with humility and grace, both contribute to the wholeness of our being. In the philosophy of suffering, ascetism is more than a barren cult of fortitude. Suffering "enables us to make ourselves better than we are." As for the mistakes, Father Merton bids us remember, life itself is necessarily imperfect. It was the desire to be as gods that led to the downfall of Adam and Eve. Being only "a shadowy expression" of the divine, we have a lifetime vocation to be "imperfect, incomplete, insufficient in ourselves."

Pertinent, assuredly, to progression in the secular order is the Cistercian view of art. Here there is no art for art's sake, but an introduction of the soul to a higher spiritual plane. Beauty is reality itself. "The genius of the artist finds its way by the affinity of creative sympathy . . . into the living law that rules the universe." In the creation of and response to a work of art there are revealed "totally new capacities for thought and vision and moral action."

Silence and The Inward Solitude are subjects which Father Merton treats with a Trappist's strict candor and a poet's lyricism. These chapters

(*Continued on page 39*)

Jaina monk wears mask to keep from hurting insects. As in many creeds, he believes God is everywhere.

Shinto girls worship Sun Goddess, but ecumenically they also believe that sincerity binds God and man.

RELIGIONS AROUND THE WORLD: One of the most widely-used words in churchly circles these days is the word *ecumenicalism,* a term used to describe the worldwide harmony and tolerance of all religions for one another. Now, as if to prove the increasing validity of the term, Harper has issued a picture book of our chief creeds, citing their common elements. **"Truth Is One"** ($5), the work of Henry James Forman and Roland Gammon, includes Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Confucianism, Shinto, Taoism, Jainism, Sikhism, and Zoroastrianism.

Painted yogis, like the members of many other religions, believe pureness results from self-denial.

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Gaiety on the Land

***"Onions in the Stew," by Betty MacDonald** (J. B. Lippincott. 256 pp. $3.50), continues the adventures of "The Egg and I" lady, who is now kept busy raising two teen-age daughters and a husband.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

SINCE there are people who dislike corn on the cob, never crack a smile at George Gobel, and wouldn't walk a block to see a humming bird's nest, it is conceivable that there are people who could read an entire book by Betty MacDonald without laughing out loud. All I can say of them is that they must be very, very sophisticated and that theirs is a narrow category.

Suppose she does have to try somewhat more self-consciously for her laughs in "Onions in the Stew," her fourth book for adults. (She is also, of course, the author of the beloved Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle series for children.) Grant that this new book never quite achieves the bubbling hilarity of three-quarters of "The Egg and I" and that it contains no one passage as funny as the slylarking first chapter of "Anybody Can Do Anything." Admit, even, that some of the stuff about teen-agers is tiresomely exaggerated and that the teen-agers themselves sound bratty beyond belief except to the parents of other teen-agers. I still say Betty MacDonald can lick—well, maybe not anybody, but most of the writers who write the books and articles officially labeled funny.

The jacket on one Betty MacDonald book refers to her "magic gift of transmuting into golden laughter the experience of an eventful life." I don't know about that golden laughter, but they are right about the gift. It *is* magic.

Among the many thousands who will read about her life on Vashon Island in Puget Sound at the mercy of guests, tides, ferry schedules, weather, weeds, and "WooWoos," but especially guests, probably nine in ten will put down the book thinking how much they would like to know Betty MacDonald. (Heaven help the author if they act on their impulses.) Her writing is the projection of a remarkably attractive personality. She manages to sound relaxed, friendly, approachable, and just like anybody else, only a little more worldly and a better cook. What we forget is that only a writer of uncommon talent and considerable sensitivity could create so winning an impression of naturalness.

Part of her technique is her use of slang. She uses it with a good comedian's sense of timing. Her nature writing is so artfully unlyrical that one does not realize until some time later that she is a true nature lover, maybe even a secret agent of the Audubon Society. Her universe is as gay and primitive as a child's. In "The Egg and I" the looming mountains "gave me a feeling of someone reading over my shoulder." In "Onions in the Stew" the wild morning-glory sneaks across the guest-room porch, the fat little ferry swims steadily toward Blake Island, and when the washing-machine is rescued from the Sound its rollers begin turning smoothly against each other, "neatly pressing the water out of a piece of seaweed picked up on the trip."

BUT these touches are the frosting on the cake, or the butter on the clams. The main dish is the story of Betty's relationships to her family and the other people on Vashon Island. There was Lesley, who wore "a different new dress (all cut to the navel) every night" and made Betty feel like a great big botany teacher. Couldn't she come early and help? she asked, when invited to dinner, but Betty said no, "with that tiny laugh with which women indicate that they are so well organized they have had everything done since four that morning." Then there were Elizabeth Gage and mean ole Everett, and the various island handymen, and the hostess who served tuna-marshmallow salad. (One thought bothers me: if these people exist how does Betty MacDonald face them?)

The final pages of "Onions in the Stew" sound successful and contemporary, as though the author's manuscript were beginning to draw abreast of her adventures. We still have the MacDonald grandchildren in reserve, however, and even if Betty MacDonald never writes another book she has earned the right to appear in any anthology of American humor.

—By Vasiliu, for "The Dinner Party."

". . . artfully unlyrical."

Humor on the Menu

***"The Dinner Party," by Gretchen Finletter** (Harper. 236 pp. $3), the work of the wife of a former Secretary of the Air Force, records the intimacies of Washington life in a style reminiscent of the journals of British ladies of fashion of centuries past. Here it is reviewed by Sophie Kerr, the novelist.*

By Sophie Kerr

AT LONG long last a book about summer-suburban-country-village life with no neurotics, decadents, sex-triangles, or heavy drinking! This seeming miracle has been brought off by Gretchen Finletter in the form of a diary covering five months of our present times—"The Dinner Party: The Journal of a Lady of Today." The Diarist is civilized, articulate, sharp of eye, and sprightly of spirit. She has a husband named Charles who is writing a book terrifyingly labeled a Broad Analysis of Foreign Policy and World Economic Conditions, but Charles is a Nice Man, keen on tennis and dancing, devoted to wife and family, and he possesses an ingratiating balanced humor. The Family is three daughters, eight, thirteen, and eighteenish respectively. And there is a Hungarian cook, Roza.

The story begins with the planning of a Small Dinner which runs into familiar complications: The extra man, invited by Charles, turns out to be married; The Rich Friends blandly propose to bring another couple, strangers to the hosts; Sister Julie long-distances that she has just arrived from Paris and will be right along; the Hick Tracys, dear and cherished friends, *must* be asked; the Lawlers whom the Diarist aptly terms Kill-offs *must* also be asked; Extra

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Men must be dug up—and the Small Dinner is soon so big that it turns into a Buffet with tables set in the Living-room. Service is the usual hideous problem but the Tracys lend their Annie, Mrs. Blitz from the village agrees to come and Help Pass the Food, Roza does her part well. The Buffet is a Wow. The Diarist Hostess has Coped.

In fact, she copes with such success that I wish she had told whether she chose to sit between the two most attractive men, or whether she nobly took on the Worst Bores. The Diarist is silent on this hot issue, the plague of every hostess.

After the Dinner Party the summer wags on in its usual diversions. Sister Julie's visit is marred by her insistence on her own plans for altering the Victorian house, but again the Diarist copes.

The Rich Friends give a Big Luncheon with Superior Food and there is also a Luncheon at a nearby Army Base with certain VIPs present, including a Senator's Wife who has brought her Needlepoint—a gently malicious portrait of a certain Washington Lady, I believe. The oldest daughter, Linda, arrives from college with a Boy Friend, a cool Little Monster of Learning who wins Charles's fury for declaring that Toynbee—*Toynbee*—is Limited! Nor does the Little Monster's definition of Maintenance Conversation win friends or influence Linda's father. (I must say I liked it, also what the L.M. said about Toynbee.)

The Diarist records the Club Gala, and also the Weekend with the Richer Friends of the Rich Friends, and this chapter contains a nice bit of spoofing of a Visiting Englishman who dotes on Trees. It is only when the Diarist tackles political activities that her chronicle sticks and hitches. But when taking her husband to the station she notes wistfully that anyone Leaving the Country always looks so Blithe; when she tries to tidy her desk and oh, those bills, utterly fails; when she avows that when she visits the Very Rich she wants High Living and no Thinking at all—these and many other crisp tidbits of thought show her as Everywoman, the wonderful universal Feminine. Yes, this is a Very Pleasing book, fine for Summer Reading—also for Winter, Spring, and Autumn.

VALEDICTORY FROM THE CAPTAIN

"Even though we only won our opener, the team showed a wonderful spirit . . . and they're the swellest bunch of fellas I ever met."

THE COACH ADDS A WORD

"While we're always looking for good students, you men can help us by keeping a sharp eye out for real all-around boys who, incidentally, have some athletic ability."

THE DEAN ENTERS A REBUTTAL

"Good scholarship will always be the bulwark of Old Ivy . . . I hope you men will find time to visit our classrooms while you're here, to see what we're trying to do."

PHI BETA KAPPA'S NEW POPULARITY

"Tell us, Arthur, when did you first realize you'd invented the H-Bomb?"

NEXT MONTH AN OLD GRAD named Maurice F. Hanson, a Yale man who is also a vice president of J. Walter Thompson, Inc., the advertising firm, will head back to New Haven for another class reunion. This will be Mr. Hanson's twenty-fifth, and in the past twenty-four of them he has had plenty of opportunity to observe the antics of his fellow classmates. He has already begun celebrating the upcoming reunion with a second book, a collection of cartoons conceived by himself and drawn by another old grad, artist Donald T. Carlisle, University of California '16. In **"College Reunion"** (Coward-McCann, $1.50), a group of aging Yale bulldogs at *their* class reunion cavort through the campus, beginning with the President's Reception and ending up happily oblivious to everything on The Long Road Home. But in the meantime they also manage to get off a few timely remarks in a few typical situations, a few of which are shown here. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

CHAIRMAN OF ARRANGEMENTS

"What would we do without good old Gus?"

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The Voyage of the Maidens

SOMETIME this week the Hiroshima Maidens will arrive in this country.

The Maidens consist of some two dozen young ladies who had been badly scarred or disfigured by the atomic explosion ten years ago [*SR* Apr. 9, 1955]. Like countless thousands of other survivors in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, they had failed to receive adequate treatment or care. The bombings of the two cities in 1945 created a medical problem beyond the reach of Japanese medicine. Never before in human history had so many people living in a compressed area been so seriously injured. Burns, particularly, require elaborate and painstaking care over a long period of time. Consequently, neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki, with all the help it was able to muster, has been able adequately to look after its sufferers.

Providing prodigious assistance in recent years has been the U. S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission with its highly skilled medical personnel and excellent diagnostic facilities. The ABCC has made the results of its expert examinations available to local doctors and has cooperated in every way in order to lighten the load.

Even so, outside help is still needed, especially for purposes of direct treatment. As was pointed out on this page last month, the problem was particularly acute in the case of the Hiroshima Maidens, a group that had come together in the Rev. Mr. Kiyoshi Tanimoto's church three years ago. Many of them had been trapped in the same school on August 6, 1945. They were small children at the time; when they came to Mr. Tanimoto in 1952 they were young ladies trying to find a place for themselves in society. Marriage seemed too remote for most of them to warrant serious thought. Gainful employment was difficult not only because of their appearance but because of their arm and hand burns. Moreover, skin and muscle contractions from the burns were taking place, reducing or eliminating mobility.

Under the guidance of Mr. Tanimoto the girls were able to develop interests in the community. Compatible jobs were found for some of them. They learned how to relax together and how to appear in public without feeling self-conscious.

This, then, is the background of a non-Governmental, citizens' project to bring the girls to the United States for the finest kind of treatment that modern medical science has to offer. After our return from Japan in 1953, when we met the Maidens at Mr. Tanimoto's church, we attempted to get support for such a venture. It took shape finally as a volunteer project. Reconstructive and plastic surgery would be done by Dr. Arthur J. Barsky and his staff. General medicine would be under Dr. William M. Hitzig. Mt. Sinai Hospital, of New York, offered its full facilities plus bed care. Miss Janet Tobitt, former director of the American Girl Scout Association, Far East, and C. Frank Ortloff, of the New York Friends Center Association, would be in charge of the very substantial problem of out-of-hospital care. The Rev. Dr. Marvin Green of Springfield, New Jersey, took over many of the problems of project coordination. Miss Sallie Lou Parker, of *The Saturday Review*, kept after the loose ends. Kiyoshi Togasaki, president of *The Nippon Times*, agreed to organize a cooperating group in Japan. Through the initiative of Mr. Togasaki the United States Air Force volunteered to fly the girls to New York.

A month ago we joined Dr. Barsky and Dr. Hitzig, traveling at their own expense, on a trip to Hiroshima for the purpose of completing preparations for bringing the Maidens to the U.S. It was necessary for the doctors to examine the girls and pass upon the individual cases. They would have to rule out girls suffering from tuberculosis or other diseases that would make their coming to the U. S. inadvisable. It was also necessary to reject those cases where improvement was unlikely.

The project group was assembled in Tokyo. It included, in addition to the two doctors and myself, Miss Joan Shewring, Dr. Hitzig's medical technician; Miss Cayla Hitzig, Dr. Hitzig's daughter, who acted as secretary for the party; John Howes, Fulbright scholar and expert on Japan, who served as an invaluable liaison officer for the group; and Kiyoaki Murata, interpreter assigned to our party by Mr. Togasaki.

NEWS of the project had been prematurely published in Japan. Thus, weeks before we arrived in Hiroshima other Maidens had presented themselves to the local committee for consideration. By the time of our arrival there was a total of forty-three. The project had been set up originally to accommodate approximately twenty.

As a result, from the moment we reached Hiroshima the big problem was the obvious one: since we lacked facilities to double the project on such short notice what would we do about the girls who had to be left behind? And what about all those in the city who needed treatment apart from the Maidens? How could we make these people understand this was a limited project though it enlisted the full-time services of those involved?

The same questions were very much on the minds of the Japanese newspapermen who turned out in force wherever we went in Japan. We were not prepared for the fact that the project had become page one news, with the press requesting daily briefing sessions.

The Japanese press was constructive and friendly, though the questions were often severe. There was much they wanted to know apart from the matter of selection policy. Why were we *really* doing this in the first place? Was there any catch to it? Who was putting up the money? Was there any-

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thing to the story that the United States Government was secretly sponsoring and paying for the project as a means of building good will to offset the bad impression created by the radioactive fall-out on the Japanese fishermen following the now-famous test explosion last year? What about the rumor that the project was only a façade for a sideshow group which planned to take the girls on a coast-to-coast exhibition tour of America at a fancy admission charge?

Most of these questions, of course, were quickly and easily disposed of and were seldom repeated in later press conferences. The newspapers got behind the project and gave it strong support. But two questions persisted, and for a good reason. We didn't fully know the answers ourselves. One question: Why were we *really* doing this? The other: What about those who couldn't come to the U.S.?

The first question was difficult because the key to it was probably lodged deep within our subconscious. We searched our minds in long discussions late each night and didn't spare each other as we probed for answers. As individual citizens we no doubt felt a strong personal responsibility for the first atomic weapon to be used against human beings. Yet didn't the very nature of war place it beyond the control of the individual, whether with respect to the sufferer or the person who is inflicting the suffering? The feeling of guilt, while real enough, was not the whole answer and we knew it. Was it a craving for the spotlight? But the spotlight theory fell short when we considered all the easier and less expensive ways for a man to get public attention if he really wanted it.

Was there something in the personal experience of each of us that might furnish a clue? One of us, it developed, had a father who was also a physician; the sacrifices made by the father in caring for people who were too poor to pay left both a strong impression on the son and a feeling of debt to his memory. Perhaps this project was a small payment on the debt. Another one of us had experienced a serious illness as a child. He had been aware that he might never reach adulthood; now, many years later, with his health completely regained, he felt his life was something of an unexpected dividend which he perhaps wished to share. The third member of the trio made no bones about the fact that a feeling of usefulness gave him his greatest satisfaction in life.

But all this seemed too personal for public discussion. Finally, we told the newsmen we doubted that we knew the full answer ourselves. As it concerned the Maidens, each of us happened to be in a position where we might be of some help and we were attempting to respond as best we could, simply because we wanted to. Apparently, the answer registered. The question never came up again.

In attempting to find an answer to the second question we went directly to the Maidens themselves. Shortly after we arrived in Hiroshima we had a meeting with the Maidens and sought their advice. Were we justified in starting such a project, we asked them, when we had only limited means at our disposal? Should individual citizens undertake a task such as this, in view of the fact that they would leave a large part of the problem untouched? Would it have been better to leave the matter to government? What could we say to the girls who couldn't come, either because they were medically unable to do so or because we lacked the means to take care of them? And how could we ease the burden of those who were selected, for their hearts would be heavy with the knowledge that their own selection meant that others could not go?

The answers from the Maidens were to be found in everything they did and said during the days we were in Hiroshima. They were the ones who cheered us up. We had come prepared to be lively in manner in order to lighten the strain of the medical examinations. We wanted to eliminate any aspect of competition between the girls in our dealings with them. But the girls had anticipated our apprehensions. There was nothing hesitant or pathetic about their manner. Their spirit was independent, alert, gay. The doctors didn't have to put on a professional act of being cheerful and reassuring. Within a day after meeting the girls they had caught the contagion of ease and pleasantness radiated by the Maidens.

The examinations themselves were facilitated by the local hospitals.

ABCC stood by with whatever medical resources might be necessary. The three Japanese doctors who had been selected to travel to the United States with the Maidens for the purpose of observing modern reconstructive surgical techniques were on hand to help. The Maidens sat on benches in the corridor outside the waiting room chatting gaily among themselves. They made a special point of entertaining the American editor of a weekly magazine who had no difficulty in responding to their charms.

THE final selections were to be made on Friday. On the previous evening the Maidens went to Mr. Tanimoto's church for special services. The doctors and the editor were not present, but they learned later what had happened. Each of the girls had a prayer to offer. Most of the prayers had two parts. The first part was for the American doctors, that they might know no anguish for not having been able to take all the girls, and that they might understand that the girls themselves understood. The second part was for the selection of the next girl.

The following morning some basic decisions were reached in addition to the ones relating to the final selections. The biggest of these decisions was that this project would not end with the group selected to go to America. We decided that once we returned to the United States we would do what had to be done to provide the necessary medical and surgical care for those who were left behind. This meant that American doctors would have to be sent to Hiroshima, where they would have to stay for a protracted period in order to provide treatment in this city itself. Dr. Barsky quietly said he was going to work personally on specific plans towards this end. It developed that Dr. Hitzig had independently come to the same conclusion.

The next decision concerned Nagasaki. While the problem in Nagasaki was not as great as in Hiroshima, the problem did exist. A message was sent to Pearl Buck, one of the sponsoring members of the American Committee, asking whether Philadelphia surgeons and hospital facilities might be available for another group of Maidens.

The final decision concerned the Hiroshima Maidens themselves. Out of the forty-three girls twenty-five had passed the required medical examinations. Rather than attempt to cut the list to the original twenty, it was decided to take the full twenty-five. Notifications to this effect went out to the Air Force, the hospital in New York, and the arrangements

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BOOKSELLER SPEAKS

IN *SR* APR. 23 we noticed George Sokolsky's article "Open Letter to the Post Office." We take exception to Mr. Sokolsky's generalization which read, "The Post Office ought not to be like the bookshops which tell the customers what to buy, which do not display anti-Communist books, which hide them under the counter, or say, 'The book is on order'." Mr. Sokolsky mentioned two specific titles which are supposedly receiving this treatment. One was Ralph de Toledano's "Day of Reckoning" and the other was Max Eastman's "Reflections on the Failure of Socialism." We have just checked some of our shops in the city here, and have discovered that these are in stock and on display, and available to any customer who may wish to purchase them.

ROBERT E. BANKER.
Assistant General Manager,
Doubleday Book Shops.

New York, N.Y.

AN EYE OPENER

CONGRATULATIONS on your excellent publication of the article "It's Still Murder" [*SR* Apr. 9], by Fredric Wertham. The article is an eye opener and is receiving enthusiastic support by all your readers whom I have contacted. To Dr. Fredric Wertham we say "a job *well* done!"

VALERIE V. KENNEDY.

Long Beach, Calif.

OPPOSED TO CENSORSHIP

I AM UTTERLY OPPOSED to censorship of the written word, regardless of the source of such censorship or the type of material it is directed against. As a psychoanalyst who has had more than a decade of experience with the emotionally disturbed, and especially with delinquents, I am convinced of the absurdity of the idea that any form of reading matter, including the so-called comics and "other objectionable books," can either provoke delinquent or criminal behavior or instruct toward such ends. The sole quarrel I have with this type of reading matter refers to its tastelessness in general, but my study of and experience with human behavior has convinced me that as a source of action it is without effect.

The causes for delinquency and crime exist, in my opinion, in the kind of society we have arranged on the one hand, and individual internal distress on the other. The social causes result from the effects of so arranging our society that it places a premium on conformity, reduces the individual to an almost mechanical robot by its pressures, and frustrates the person in his striving for individuality. Internal causes are the consequences of pathological constellations of family life and interpersonal relations, as these are exerted on the individual. Both crime and delinquency arise from the meshing of these two gears.

To state that comic books, television or radio programs, the motion pictures, or any other material of this nature is either a prime or secondary cause of delinquency and crime is the most facile and incorrect of solutions. Not only do facts and common sense oppose this point of view, but in itself it bespeaks a contempt for human nature. What it implies is that the senses can be affected only by negative stimulation, and that the causes for action are always base.

My own belief is that it is sheer futility to spend time and effort on attempts at censorship. I am convinced that were all so-called objectionable books and like material to disappear from the face of the earth tomorrow this would in no way affect the statistics of crime, delinquency, amoral and anti-social behavior, or personal illness and distress. The same frustrating and denying society would still exist, and both children and adults would express themselves mutinously against it. These problems will be solved only when we have the courage to face the fundamental social issues and personal perplexities that cause such behavior.

ROBERT LINDNER.

Baltimore, Md.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"In my opinion the defendant hasn't a chance. He's engaged some green lawyer from New Hampshire by the name of Webster."

IT'S STILL MURDER

"IT'S STILL MURDER . . ." and indeed it is because, as Dr. Frederic Wertham points out, the comic industry worships Mammon. Children are being exploited for purely commercial purposes.

But why do we suddenly become alarmed? Children have been exploited for some time. Via radio and television commercials children are pressured into pressuring mommy and daddy to buy. The results are not as damaging as the horror comic books, but the principle involved is the same.

It isn't just the comic-book industry we should be attacking, but rather a system of values that causes the comic czar—and every other industry—to use our children as tools for gaining gold.

BONNIE R. CROWN.

New York, N.Y.

IS MATUSOW THE END?

I READ WITH RESPECT John Steinbeck's editorial "The Death of a Racket." [*SR* Apr. 2] I felt, however, throughout the article that Steinbeck is operating on a false assumption. Harvey Matusow's recantation has perhaps raised doubt concerning the veracity of paid informers. We who value our Bill of Rights applaud this reaction. I am unconvinced, though, of the validity of relegating this type of activity to the past. It does not appear to me that the actual outcomes of the Matusow episode afford such cause for optimism. Steinbeck, as a champion of liberty, might better concern himself with the facts in the case. Is there an effort to reopen all the cases in which Matusow now claims to have given perjured testimony? Men who have lost their livelihoods and prestige as a result of evidence given by secret informers are still in the same position. And Matusow has been indicted for "obstructing justice" by attempting to reopen a case. Next, a bill sponsored by Brownell is being introduced to Congress which would make the threat of perjury more real and thus make it infinitely more dangerous to recant.

MURIEL BALMUTH.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

MONKEYING WITH THE SCOPES TRIAL

THE SCOPES trial of 1925 was a deliberate affair. It was instigated by the American Civil Liberties Union, which asked for a volunteer to defy the Tennessee law against teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in the schools. In this way a stupid law was rendered ineffective by its being held up to public ridicule.

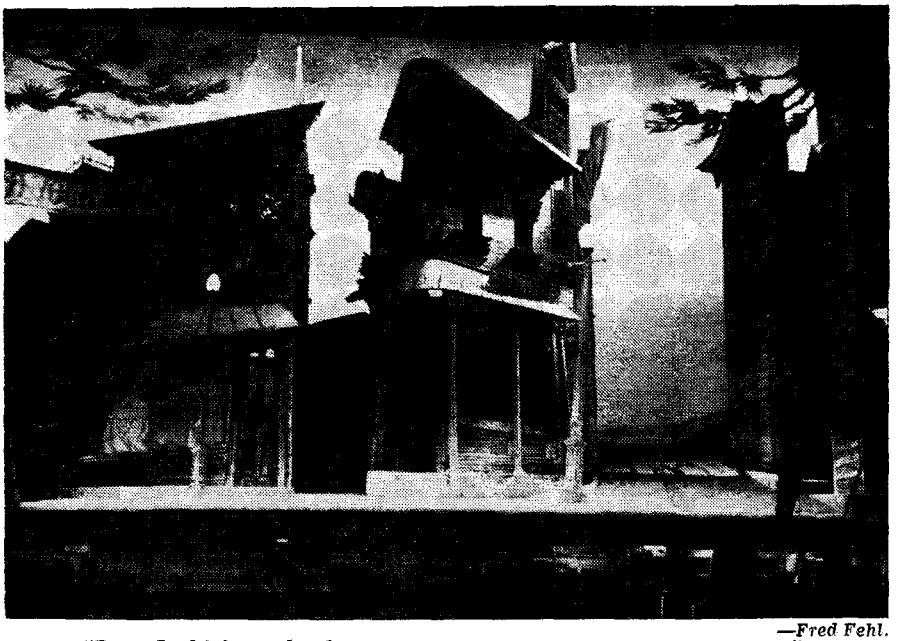
In their new play, **"Inherit the Wind,"** Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee have chosen not to present the history of the Scopes trial exactly as it was, but rather to reshape its details so that they would illustrate the larger point it proved. Thus, the play's sympathetic villain, Matt Brady (drawn after William Jennings Bryan), is a personalization of what fanaticism can lead to in the most well-intentioned of men. Its malcontent, E. K. Hornbeck (patterned on H. L. Mencken), becomes a frightening portrait of the cruel dry dust that can result from absolute skepticism and immoderated brilliance. And its hero, Henry Drummond (based on Clarence Darrow), balances within one man the rebelliousness and unswerving logic of a Mencken with the compassionate warmth of a Bryan. The plot and palely-sketched other characters are incidental to this trio of richly-written studies.

Brady is described as "water boy for the great unwashed," but as Hornbeck points out, "The ordinary people played a dirty trick on Colonel Brady. They ceased to exist. It used to be that anybody west of the Appalachians was a rube . . . physically uncombed and mentally uncurried, . . . but there's a highway through the backwoods now, and the trees of the forest have reluctantly made room for their leafless cousins, the telephone poles . . . Colonel Brady's virginal small-towner has been had—by Marconi and Montgomery Ward."

Hornbeck shows that he is a good critic when he describes himself to the defendant's fiancée. "I may be rancid butter," he chirps, "but I'm on your side of the bread."

Drummond is analyzed as a man with a compulsion to take a chip out of anything too perfect-seeming. His opinion of the truth is, "Truth has meaning—as a direction. But one of the great intellectual tragedies of our race is the grid of morality we have placed on human behavior: so that every act of man must be measured against an arbitrary latitude of right and longitude of wrong."

Herman Shumlin has *staged* the play brilliantly. A revival meeting watched silently by Hornbeck leaning against one hitching post and by Drummond resting against another is first-rate use of spatial relationships. Yet this artistic manipulation of figures doesn't take us much beneath the surface of the story. The performances are mostly fireworks. Paul Muni as the colorful Drummond maintains an eccentric characterization that is a striking solo. He is a super-Maurice Schwartz with touch-tuning. Thus, he can take the curse



—*Fred Fehl.*

"Peter Larkin's two-level arrangement creates an entire country town."

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CECIL KELLAWAY
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AN M-G-M PICTURE

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off his flamboyant histrionics by a constant application of self-criticism which keeps his entire performance in proportion.

Ed Begley and Tony Randall are somewhat less adept at making this kind of virtuosity convincing, so that Brady and Hornbeck seem spigots to be turned off and on at will, but not continuous forces constantly to be reckoned with.

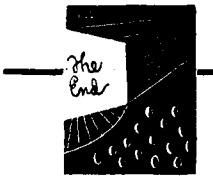
Since this production is so strongly pictorial, it is most fortunate in having the best setting of the season. Peter Larkin's two-level arrangement creates an entire country town which emerges as much the play's central character as any in the cast. While this twenty-six-year-old designer's work still lacks the integrity it might have if he had mixed the lights in addition to mixing the paints, his contribution to "Inherit the Wind" lifts the play from a trial melodrama to a mural drama that tries to suggest the pathos of the smalltowner's struggle with orthodoxy, and the hope for progress contained in the Biblical phrase "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind: and the fool shall be servant to the wise in heart."

* * *

Broadway's newest venture, **"All in One"** offers what "Inherit the Wind" does not: real acting and a sharp penetration of the shams of both metropolitan and rural existence. Leonard Bernstein's one-act opera, "Trouble in Tahiti," follows a suburbanite couple from the time "the morning sun kisses the windows, kisses the carpets, kisses the floors," through his souped-up day at the office ("Oh, Sam, you're a genius"), and through her day of escapism at the movies. The high point of this production comes when Alice Ghostley recounts, while trying on hats, the absurd plot of a South Seas musical epic. Miss Ghostley, who is a master at the quick complete transition, is both tragic and excruciatingly hilarious as she grasps at each sequence of the remembered film with a very American naivete and intensity.

As if this were not enough of a treat, "All in One" goes on to present us with a great piece of acting by Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams's "27 Wagons Full of Cotton." As a sharecropper's wife whose absurd plump gentility is in conflict with her violent sensuality, Miss Stapleton carries off both outrageous slapstick and tragic horror within the context of one always-believable characterization. Add to this a candy icing of Paul Draper's self-bemused bird-hoppings and it is indeed ALL in one.

—Henry Hewes.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

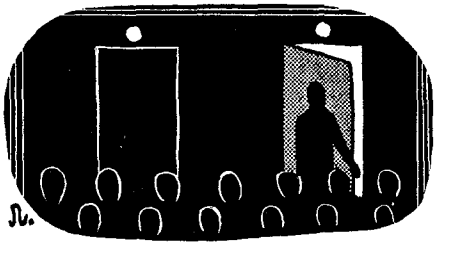
WHERE'S YOUR AMBITION, PA?

WHEN the day comes that a Hollywood studio head slams down his copy of *The Saturday Review* and cries, "Gad, that's the young man we should have out here telling us how to make pictures!" the first film I shall propose to put into production will be about a high-ranking military officer who keeps promising his neglected wife he will retire after the next tough assignment. In my picture the wife will look at her hero and lovingly say, "Haven't you any ambition, jughead? A few more missions like this and you might make Chief of Staff!"

Until that day you will just have to go on seeing movies like **"Strategic Air Command"** (Paramount) and **"The Eternal Sea"** (Republic).

For "Strategic Air Command" Paramount has introduced an improved VistaVision image which fills the Paramount screen from wing to wing, from floor to proscenium, thus making June Allyson in close-up approximately twice the size of the Statue of Liberty. VistaVision turns out to be pretty thrilling when it encompasses the incredible mass of the B-36 intercontinental bomber or a B-47 jet bomber bringing its nose up to the drogue of a flying tanker for a mid-air refueling operation. The superb skyscapes which Paramount has thrown upon its giant screen almost compensate for the fact that the dramatic portions of the film cannot hit the side of the barn.

The story of "Strategic Air Command" is a modern reservist's version of the traditional West Point yarn about the cadet who doesn't get the spirit of the Point at first but is regenerated in time for the fade-out. The central figure, played by James Stewart, is a St. Louis Cardinal third baseman who is called back for a twenty-one month active duty tour with SAC, our aerial arm of massive retaliation. In the course of briefing Stewart on the importance of his role, the SAC officers in the film manage to get across to the audience the Air Force line on its role in keeping the peace. The Air Force has permitted the scriptwriter to be fairly candid about the reservist's resentment at being subjected to double jeopardy in uniform, and answers that reluctance in approximately the following terms: there is no one else to do this necessary job, and every man who decides to stand and do it influences not only those around him, but history as well.



A number of family incidents have been provided to give James Stewart and June Allyson the opportunity to demonstrate just how heartwarming they can be. A nifty special-effects sequence has Stewart crash-landing a B-36 on the Greenland ice cap just when Allyson is having her baby. Allyson, weary of separations in military life, sends her man off on an important mission with a tear instead of a smile. All of this, however, is incidental to the business of flying, which lifts the picture from its happy tedium on the ground into the magnificent upper reaches of the air, where the VistaVision camera proves it's great outdoors.

It is possible to imagine that when "Strategic Air Command" gets to smaller theatres, where the screen is only the size of a basketball court, some of its impact will be lost. This may hurt the neighborhood theatres as compared with the flagship first-run houses, but I do believe the filmmakers are on the right track when they present the enormous (if occasionally stupefying) spectacles which simply cannot be encompassed by the tube in the living room.

* * *

"The Eternal Sea" presents another dedicated officer and his patient helpmate, this time in Navy blue-and-gold. The Republic film is based on the true story of Captain John Hoskins, a naval air officer who lost a leg in the fire aboard the aircraft carrier *Princeton* but who was fiercely determined to remain on active duty, with the result that he went on to command the new carrier *Princeton* and to pioneer in flying jets off carrier decks.

While portions of "The Eternal Sea" were shot on location, the film has obviously been pieced together from stock footage, Navy background material, and studio interiors, and the results simply do not begin to com-

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pare with the authentic footage in "Strategic." Although the film has been skilfully edited, a sharp-eyed chap who knows about such things will observe that during carrier landing training in California the jet plane which crashes on the runway carries a tail designation from Naval Air Base in Patuxent, a bare 2,400 miles away. Again, when Hoskins establishes himself at Philadelphia Navy Yard so that he can watch the building of the new carrier *Princeton* from his sick-bed the pictures of the ship ready for launching show no progress from the days when her hull work was in its laborious beginning.

As a dramatic work, "The Eternal Sea" suffers from straight-line development. A man is determined to get his way. Despite any obstacles he gets it. A loyal wife falters for a moment, but decides in the end to stay by the side of her man. There is a certain amount of uplift here, but little excitement.

Sterling Hayden and Alexis Smith play Hoskins and Mrs., and they are well matched. Hayden is especially effective as the grim, relentless officer who climbed to a carrier bridge on a wooden leg. There's one touching moment when Hoskins makes rear admiral and his wife hands him the coat with the broad gold stripe on the sleeve. In "Strategic Air Command" Stewart gets to be a full colonel. Both inspiring films, yet I could not help wondering what the enlisted men were thinking all this time.

—Lee Rogow.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEAD, SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL *Whit Masterson* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Toxophilite pinks So. Cal. beauty; Op. Mort Hagen (her ex) tangles with cops, snags culprit.	Humdinger opening, but pace unevens; dénouement telegraphed; nice handling otherwise.	Agreeable, mainly.
THE BLACK BLACK HEARSE *Frederick Freyer* (St. Martin's: $2.75)	US movie producer shooting pix in France runs into international plot (non-Commie); defenestration follows.	Pleasant travelogue takes in Paris, Carcassone, Andorra, also Manhattan; pace medium-good.	Plus mark.
LIVE AND LET DIE *Ian Fleming* (Macmillan: $3)	British agent tours Harlem, Florida, Jamaica, trailing large dough and large mean villain.	CIA, FBI, NY cops also involved; pace hot, scenery excellent.	Boozy, brawly, amorous.
DISHONOURED BONES *John Trench* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Too-new corpse turns up as British archeologists ply picks; calm Mr. Cotterell tours quarries.	Population superabundant for small area, but pace is fast, humor general, writing good.	Involved but gets over.
MAIGRET IN NEW YORK'S UNDERWORLD *Georges Simenon* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Sûreté ex, taking life easy as *campagnard*, gets call to Manhattan for private-eye chase.	Hero's acclimatization nicely handled; yarn's roots are in far past.	Holds up.
THE ESTATE OF THE BECKONING LADY *Margery Allingham* (Doubleday: $3.50)	Corpse disrupts English garden party; Albert Campion and Chief Inspector Luke to rescue.	Atmosphere all over the place, people likewise, also mannerisms.	Fuzzy at edges.
THE ASSASSINS *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	NY draft riots of '63 background for plot to take over US, end war.	Four killings in eleven lines provide payoff for criss-cross yarn.	Lurid period piece.
MURDER MAKES AN ENTRANCE *Clarence Budington Kelland* (Harper: $2.75)	Young TV scriptwriter finds Hollywood path beset with lugs and lasses; people and horse die.	Intricate plotting kept at boil by skilful pacing (this is veteran pro's 40th).	A smoothie.
CALL ME DUKE *Harry Grey* (Crown: $3)	Spanish Harlem scene of wild goings-on; hoods, shysters, divorce eyes plentiful.	Picaresque yarn studded with anachronisms; not for tots.	They don't come tougher.
RING AROUND ROSA *William Campbell Gault* (Dutton: $2.75)	Footballing Pvt. Eye Callahan gets first case as So. Cal. stripper vanishes; scores touchdown.	Real cops tough but plausible; dialogue snappy; pace fast; highly satisfactory number.	His best yet.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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TV AND RADIO

IS "TOLLEVISION" TOLLABLE?

NOW that television has yet been unable to solve the problem of how to get viewers to shell out enough money to buy sets that will receive shows in color, along comes a new gimmick—pay-as-you-go television, a device by which the viewer will have to shell out money for his TV entertainment before his set can receive it at all, color or no.

There are already three separate inventions awaiting only a nod from the FCC until they will be installed in our TV sets. They are called, rather cacophonically I think, "Phonevision," "Telemeter," and "Subscription-Vision." For which I will substitute here the more mellisonant, though not less expensive, trade-name "Tollevision." Patent, of course, pending.

The main argument in the cause of Tollevision is that if you pay for the show you want to see on TV the "irritating" commercials can be eliminated. It was therefore no surprise when recently one network, which makes a fairly reasonable high living out of commercials, refused to permit the Zenith Corporation to present a commercial about pay-as-you-go television on a show which Zenith sponsors. The surprise was the reason the network gave. It ruled that pay-as-you-go television was not a product but a controversial subject.

This ruling, of course, is so much hogwash. Because on that same network they bring up a pretty controversial subject two or three nights a week when they announce that if you light up a Chesterfield you'll put a smile in your smoking. It's also pretty controversial that if you bathe with Dial soap you can get rid of excess perspiration with a wet eraser. Or that Hazel Bishop outsells all other lipsticks because there are more people who prefer a lipstick they can't rub off the palms of their hands to one which rubs off quite easily.

Tollevision presents other ramifications, more pertinent to the viewer's comfort. And more urgent.

With no commercials in an hour show when do we take time out to wash our hands?

When a three-act play is presented with no commercials between the acts does it mean we'll have to begin all over again that corny old business of intelligent discussion of the merits of the play, the intent of the playwright, the dramatic proficiency of the players?

Between rounds of a fight or innings of a ball game who will remind us to go out to the refrigerator for a bottle of beer?

When a spectacular is presented in color and my set does not receive color do I get a small rebate for watching it in black and white? (It isn't so much color and my set that are not compatible, but I've finally come to the sad conclusion that my set and Max Liebman are not compatible.)

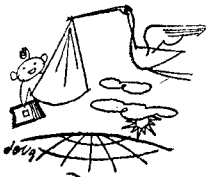
These few points, along with the inevitable gathering of neighbors to share the cost of a $2.00 Broadway play on Tollevision, are indicative of a new way of life which this offshoot of our new medium will bring.

IRVING KOLODIN had a well-documented piece about the operation of Tollevision in a recent issue here. As he explained it the TV set will be the same as it is. A small unit will be attached to the set and the viewer, if he wants to see a certain program offered by Tollevision, inserts a card in the unit. The card will register the fee for each program. At the end of the month he will return the card with a check and receive in return another card for another month. The viewer may receive regularly sponsored programs on his set on the standard channels. But if he tunes in on a pay channel without inserting the card he will get nothing but a scrambled signal.

"Without the unit and the card," says Mr. Kolodin, "his set would reproduce nothing intelligible."

I've got news for Mr. Kolodin. Many a night I've suspected Tollevision is already here. —GOODMAN ACE.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRTH CERTIFICATES

Here are the names of twenty American cities, towns, and villages which were the birthplaces of twenty American authors. Assign the correct birthplaces to the correct authors. You should be able to get a dozen or so and very bright little boys and girls should get nineteen or twenty. Answers on page 40.

1. Albany, N. Y.	( ) Pearl Buck
2. Colfax, Iowa	( ) Erskine Caldwell
3. Columbia City, Ind.	( ) Lloyd C. Douglas
4. Garnett, Kan.	( ) Edna Ferber
5. Glencoe, Ill.	( ) Robert Frost
6. Greensboro, N. C.	( ) Erle Stanley Gardner
7. Hillsboro, W. Va.	( ) Ellen Glasgow
8. Kalamazoo, Mich.	( ) James Norman Hall
9. Litchfield, Conn.	( ) Bret Harte
10. Malden, Mass.	( ) Stewart Holbrook
11. Martin's Ferry, O.	( ) William Dean Howells
12. New Brunswick, N. J.	( ) Joyce Kilmer
13. Newport, Vt.	( ) Sinclair Lewis
14. Reading, Pa.	( ) Archibald MacLeish
15. Richmond, Va.	( ) John P. Marquand
16. Rockland, Me.	( ) Edgar Lee Masters
17. San Francisco, Calif.	( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay
18. Sauk Center, Minn.	( ) William Sydney Porter (O. Henry)
19. White Oak, Ga.	( ) Wallace Stevens
20. Wilmington, Del.	( ) Harriet Beecher Stowe

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First Report on the TV Survey

FROM Maine to Georgia, New York to New Mexico, readers have been responding with avidity to the opportunity provided in *SR* Apr. 30 for expressing their opinions on Subscription TV. This is the proposed "Pay as You See" system of television broadcasting whose advantages and disadvantages are being argued before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C. at the present time (May 9).

In favor (to summarize briefly) of licensing a pay-as-you-see system are the Zenith Radio Corporation, the Skiatron Electronics and Television Corporation, and Paramount Pictures, sponsor of a "telemeter" device. Opposed are the Theatre Owners of America, network organizations, etc.

In favor, too, to judge from the sentiments expressed in the brief time since the issue was broached under the title "Whose Money Talks?" [*SR* Apr. 30] are a substantial per cent of *The Saturday Review* readership. For purposes of control and cross-check, the ballot printed in the magazine itself was supplemented by a mailing to a random selection (in the thousands) of the readership. Each element of query has registered a remarkable reaction. So far the answers have been tabulated only in the hundreds; but the final total is far, far away.

A rather remarkable fact exposed by a comparison of the two samplings is close correlation on the question: "Does the idea of 'Subscription Television' appeal to you?" It breaks down as follows:

	COUPON	DIRECT MAIL
Yes	63.4%	65%

There is, on the negative side, about the same proportion of disapproval:

	COUPON	DIRECT MAIL
No	24.6%	26%

As simple addition indicates, this leaves an uncommitted 10 per cent wavering between "Don't Know" and "Undecided"; but it also embraces a small but steady number of respondents in the "Do not now own TV but would buy a set if Subscription TV were available" category. In other words, the idea of Subscription TV has a strong appeal to persons—10 per cent, approximately, of those clipping the coupon—who do not presently own TV sets but would be "prospects" if the programming were to include special features for which they would willingly pay.

In order to permit as many *SR* readers as possible to register their opinions in a controversy described in a recent *New York World Telegram and Sun* article as a "major puzzler," it has been decided to repeat on this page the ballot first published in the April 30 issue. Readers are urged to *use it,* as a way of implementing the opinions being expressed by direct mail to the FCC itself. (In a roundup published in *The New York Times* of April 24, it was stated that unsolicited public opinion was roughly parallel to that expressed through *SR*'s TV Survey: 1,200 in favor as against 400 opposed, or an affirmative 3 to 1.)

It is no secret, however, that the negative position enjoys a powerful institutional propaganda. This was conveyed in a lengthy telegram signed by Alfred Starr, "Co Chairman, Organizations for Free TV," with headquarters in a Fifth Avenue, New York, building. Mr. Starr, on behalf of his clients, "requested protest" of "so-called 'resume'." He implied that pay-as-you-see TV was a "raid" against "free TV," asserted that he was "shocked and dismayed" by "unwarranted and undeniable bias" in the questionnaire as published in *SR,* a dismay "thrice-confounded because of esteem in which *SR* is held by us and American reading public." It is pertinent to mention that upon inquiry Mr. Starr identified his clients as the Theatre Owners of America (a party at interest in the current hearings), the Broadway Association, a Retail Merchants Association, the Father Duffy DSC Post of the Catholic War Veterans, etc.

On the other hand, there have been multiple expressions of approval for the opportunity to register a yes or no from readers all over the country. Some, frankly, have voted no (with cogent reasons) and thanked *SR* for the opportunity to do so. These we respect, as well as their reasons. Rather more have supplemented their yes ballots with enthusiatic expressions of approval, including one enthusiast who dispatched a seventy-five word telegram (prepaid) from Mexico. We agree, substantially, with his point "there is no such thing as quote free unquote television." Meaning, of course, that the public pays the toll in one way or another. The question reverts, as previously stated, to the essential one "Whose Money Talks?" Clip coupon and respond, please. —I. K.

SUBSCRIPTION TV BALLOT: Please fill out and post as soon as possible to TV SURVEY, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

1. **Do you live in a community that receives television broadcasts regularly?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
2. **Do you now own a television set?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
3. **Does the idea of "Subscription Television" appeal to you?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
4. **If "Subscription Television" were available, would you install a connection in your home?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
5. **What do you think is a fair price to charge for a single show seen via "Subscription Television"?**
   Recognizing that different shows may vary in cost, please check **two** of the following prices to indicate what you think would be *an acceptable price range for your family* budget.
   ( ) 25 cents ( ) $1.25
   ( ) 75 cents ( ) $1.50
   ( ) $1.00 ( ) $2.00
   ( ) $1.25 ( ) $2.50
6. **How much do you think you would be willing to budget a week to watch "Subscription Television"?**
   ( ) 50 cents ( ) $3.00
   ( ) $1.00 ( ) $10.00
   ( ) $2.00
   Other amounts..... write in
7. **How many hours a week do you watch television now?**
   .....hours per week
8. **In what area of entertainment do you think "Subscription Television" could contribute to expand present TV coverage?**
   ( ) Sports ( ) Theatre
   ( ) Music ( ) First Run Films
   Other..... write in
9. **Are you satisfied with the children's programs now shown on TV?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
10. **What other kinds of children's programs would you welcome?**
    .....
    .....
11. **Would you pay to have your children see the above programs?**
    ( ) Yes ( ) No
12. **If YES, how much would you pay daily for such programs?**
    ( ) 25 cents ( ) $2.00 or more
    ( ) 50 cents ( ) $1.25
    ( ) 75 cents ( ) $1.50
    ( ) $1.00
13. **Do you feel "Subscription Television" should be authorized by the federal government so that the TV audience can at least choose between free network shows and paid TV?**
    ( ) Yes ( ) No
14. **What do you consider your favorite TV programs now on the air?**
    .....
    .....
    .....

A *(Please sign here if you wish)*

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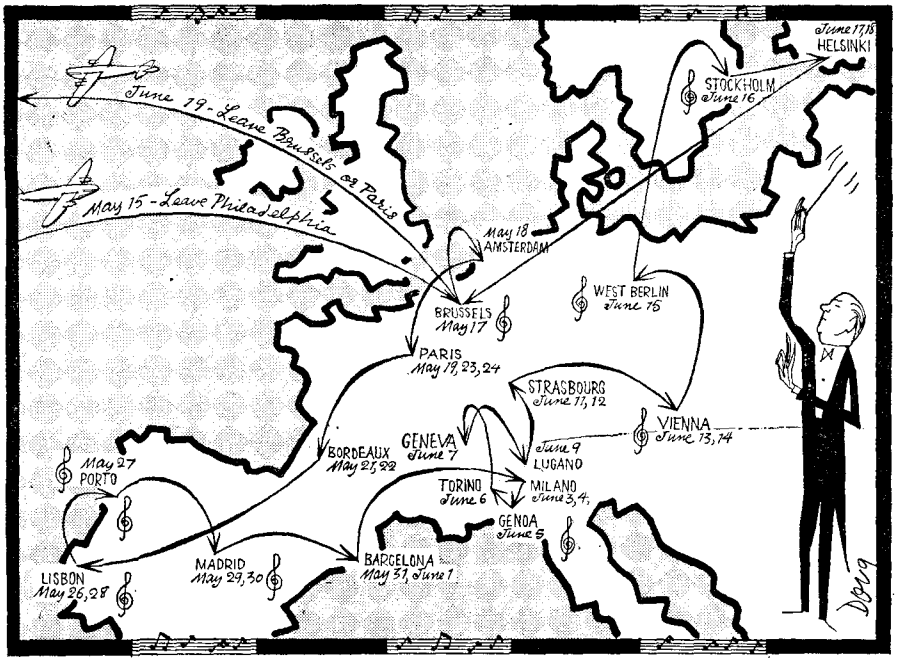

"... we must provide a spiritual strength to oppose the fanatic faith regimented into our adversaries."

Salute to Music

By ABRAM CHASINS

THERE must be many of us who have followed the sad history of the various resolutions and proposals by well-meaning officials and citizens to put Government into the arts—apart from pious verbiage. Now, believe it or not, it turns out that the Department of State has, to our startled delight, given the nod to the "U.S. Salute to France" festival in which the Philadelphia Orchestra will make its Continental debut under Eugene Ormandy. This is the inaugural event of a tour which will take this great American institution through nine European countries.

Until recently the majority of our Government people showed an indifference, not to say embarrassing provinciality, where the fine arts were concerned. In some instances it seemed almost a matter of open hostility. As a result, we were needlessly outwitted and outmaneuvered in the battle for intellectual and esthetic prestige throughout the areas of the world where a mature evaluation of such symbols of civilization prevails.

It wasn't long ago that we were reading of an international art exhibit in South America which spurred the cultural forces of virtually every Government, except ours, to round up its best artists and their best canvasses and pack them off with every blessing and backing. A few of our painters pooled their own resources (few pennies, many pictures) and doggedly went down to form a self-subsidized and self-appointed "U.S. representation." At the gala opening our titular diplomatic "servant" was conspicuously non-present. "Where is he?" one of the American painters inquired. "Probably out playing golf," said a native attaché, with a patronizing smile.

To the radio station (WQXR) where I spend my working hours come daily reminders of the enviable extent to which artists of even the tiniest and poorest countries enjoy the esteem and support of their countrymen and consulates. Through such pride in their art and in the furtherance of its cause a people restate an eternal truth: that the way to create a worthy future is to build a worthy present, and the way to hold on to the treasures of life is to share them.

Now we are beginning to see light, for, eventually, we too learn. The hard way and the slow, but we learn. Despite the persistent and rigid separation of State and Art in our land, we are all awakening to a belated but welcome realization that a nation's creators and interpreters can be powerful ambassadors; that a nation's art can exemplify its cultural ideals without recourse to ideology, its spiritual strength without a show of physical strength. It can implement bonds of friendship, and respect, by ties that transcend language and semantics.

Recently a Congressional appropriation was designated specifically for cultural activities abroad. In Germany the Public Affairs Office of the U.S. High Commissioner is working with limited funds—compensated by the devotion of splendid staff—to win friends by encouraging the appearance of American musical talent in a land where music is the people's *Brot*. And there is the American National Theatre and Academy which has since 1949 been doing an heroic job (against imposing odds) through its International Exchange Program.

The "Salute" was arranged in response to a suggestion made by the French Ministry of Fine Arts to C. Douglas Dillon, our Ambassador to France. He forwarded the suggestion to the Department of State which, in turn, approached ANTA for organizational assistance. It was the right move, for it is ANTA which has been responsible for sending some of our outstanding artists over the globe, thus counteracting the conventional notion, in many countries, that all Americans are gum-chewing bores.

ANTA is largely responsible, not only for the presence of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Paris, but also for the administrational planning of that orchestra's further appearances abroad, for the forthcoming European tour of the New York Philharmonic, and for the Asiatic tour of the Symphony of the Air. And this is only part of a worldwide project of the IEP to build bridges of international understanding with achievements in the arts. ANTA's broadly impressive music, painting, dance, and theatre agenda for the "Salute" has attracted attention to all of the festival. Here we are concerned with the symphonic.

THE first musical volley will be fired by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy in the Paris Opéra on May 19. Two more rounds will follow on May 23 and 24, with such soloists as William Warfield and Alexander Brailowsky (long identified with music in this country) performing with the orchestra in the Palais du Chaillot. Following these events in France the orchestra will make a broad swing through most of Western Europe: Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and up into Finland.

Though Ormandy has performed with resident orchestras in many parts of Europe, the "Salute" marks his orchestra's first appearance in

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Paris, and also in Europe generally. It was an entirely happy idea to present our initial greeting this way, in a language mutually intelligible in Paris and Philadelphia. The "Philadelphia" has long been a proud badge of quality performance in our orchestral hierarchy, and it has traveled globally by means of records. (Alexander Hilsberg, who rose to become its concertmaster and assistant conductor, has told a mutual friend that he first was fired with a desire to join the orchestra—or at least hear it play—when he came upon a Stokowski recording in far-off Manchuria, after leaving Russia during the revolution.)

The three programs, we trust, are being planned by Ormandy to represent a broad musical perspective of the art of France and the U.S. Needless to say, no matter what is being played, there will always be a strong interpretative personality in command of an unsurpassed instrumental group, a prideful part of America's contribution to the total of Western music. No crystal ball is needed to predict its enduring, and we suspect even profound, effect upon the hearts and minds and ears of our French friends.

Orchestras, however, are more than monuments of national pride. They are symbols of the entire musical life of their countries. We therefore devoutly pray that all our touring orchestras in this year of unprecedented activity plan programs that will serve the best musical interests of their country, and adequately; that they will perform the outstanding music of our best composers and present as soloists our leading interpreters; that they will welcome their opportunities to counteract the callous discrimination that has been practised upon our native musicians, even at home, in the normal course of their activities.

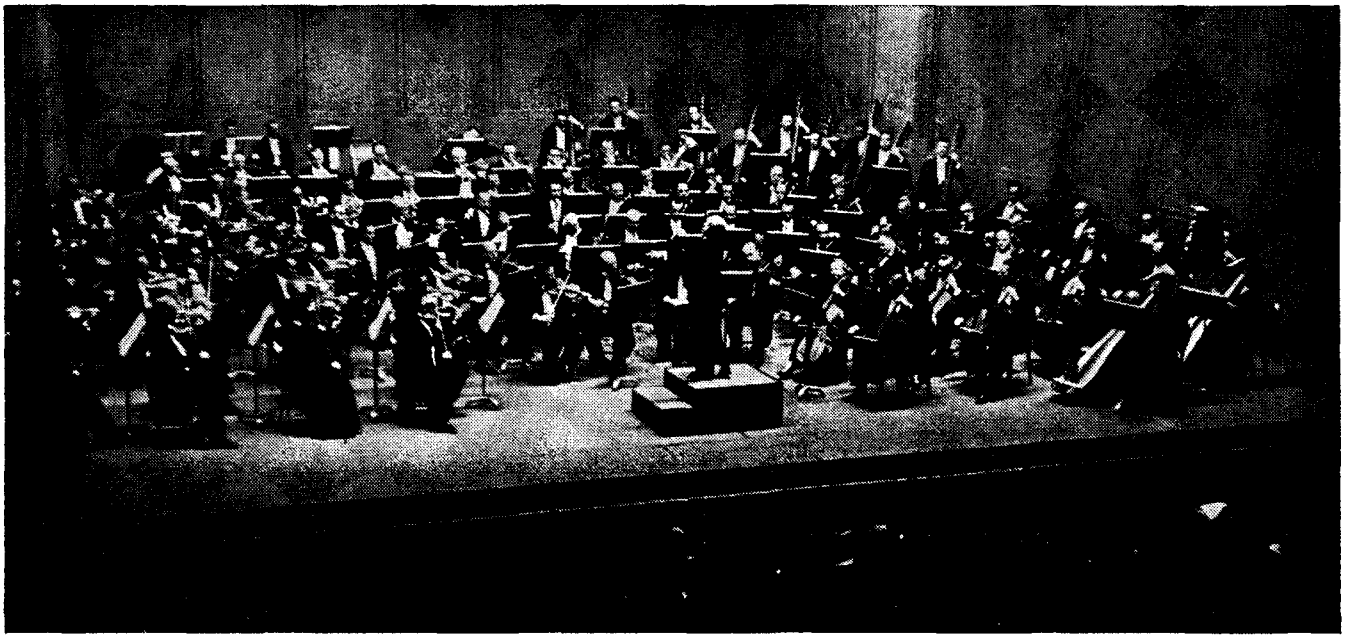
Too often in our country the artist has been at best regarded with an impersonal respect. The attitude has prevailed that his work might be decorative or even admirable but not quite practical and certainly not urgently needed. Our artists have too often had too ample reason to doubt their value to their fellow-citizens, who have found the solution of their lives in graphs and charts of the economic, scientific, and industrial worlds, but not in art or in philosophy.

Perhaps we owe the goad of totalitarianism some wry thanks for teaching that artists can rush in where statesmen fear to tread. In circumstances where the world is engaged in a struggle between opposite beliefs, it is well for us to identify our friends abroad with those aspects of ourselves which are most like, least unlike, them—which is to say, of course, with our common heritage of Western culture. At last, in a small way at least, it appears that our Government is aware that, in addition to money and planes and bombs, we must provide a spiritual strength to oppose the fanatic faith regimented into our adversaries.

Not until democracy becomes an articulate cause can we combat those adversaries successfully. Such is the province of the artist, for he exemplifies the ability of man to conceive an ideal and bring it to reality without compromise. If the work of interpreting and ennobling the aims of man is not a crucial and organic work, then the nature and structure of our democracy is indeed questionable, and our power to preserve it equally so.

Nothing that has happened in a long time has been so heartening to musicians as the Governmental interest in, and sponsorship of, the "Salute to France" which is, inversely, a salute to music as well. In terms of what has been customary in the past, it comes close to the twenty-one gun category. Thus, it seems appropriate to lift the curtain of anonymity that usually prevails in organizational circles, and express our awareness of their efforts, our appreciation of their path-breaking spirit. So, in a saluting mood, we salute Robert W. Dowling for his initiative and generosity, Mrs. H. Alwynn Inness-Brown, Ambassador Dillon, and music-lover William A. Burden for activity as effective as it has been self-effacing, and in the traditional last but far from least Robert C. Schnitzer, whose managerial achievements now encompass the accomplishment of the unaccomplishable. Let us hope these praises are echoed in higher places than those to which we have access.

ASSEMBLED REPRODUCERS: Due to the exceptional number of new items of interest, *SR*'s report on Assembled Music Reproducers will appear, in expanded form, in the issue of May 28. To provide our readers with a suitable coverage the material will be presented in a break-down according to price categories and performance characteristics, as well as in respect of the engineering specifications. SEE THE ISSUE OF MAY 28 FOR THIS SPECIAL FEATURE.



"The 'Philadelphia' has long been a proud badge of quality performance in our orchestral hierarchy."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
One Night Stand: Charlie Barnet and His Orchestra. Clef MGC-638, $4.98.	The Mad Mab, who has always swung, since the days of "Pompton Turnpike" and "Murder at Peyton Hall," like a maple in a big wind, here puts forth more of the same in ten highly Ellingtonized exercises, with a big band that numbers, at least on one side, Charlie Shavers, Willie Smith, and a trombonist who sounds like Milt Bernhart.
The Driving Louis Bellson and His Orchestra. Norgran MGN-1020, $4.98.	Louis Bellson, as opposed to Big Sid Catlett, Jo Jones, Specs Powell, and Davy Tough, is of the new, stainless-steel school of drummers: impeccable technique, taste, and coldness. He is accompanied on four semi-modern, and rather vapid selections, by Charlie Shavers, Seldon Powell (tenor saxophone), Lou Stein and Wendell Marshall. On the remaining three, an elbowy eight-man conga-bonga-steel bands rhythm section takes over, together with a flute and bass clarinet, with more supple, and in one tune, a mambo, ingratiating results.
Our Best. Norgran MGN-1021, $4.98.	Ten previously released sides selected from the files of Norman Granz's Norgran label on the basis, according to the notes, of proven artistic and commercial success. Artistically, seven of them, nevertheless, are of fairly plain cloth, but three ("Pot Luck": Stan Getz; "Talk of the Town": Gillespie-Getz; "Tenderly": Ben Webster) include various beauties well worth preserving.
Clifford Brown Ensemble, Featuring Zoot Sims. Pacific Jazz PJLP-19, $3.85.	On this West Coast date made last summer, Clifford Brown, who as a trumpeter is moving steadily into his own footsteps and out of those of the late Fats Navarro, is accompanied, on the seven Jack Montrose arrangements (two standards, five originals), by Zoot Sims, Russ Freeman, Shelley Manne, Bob Gordon, Stu Williamson, Carson Smith, and Joe Mondragon. Nothing is spilled at this tea party, nary a voice is raised, and the conversation is polite, fluid, and intelligent.
The Story of Charlie Christian. Columbia CL-652, $3.95.	A very exciting study of the musical mind of the late Charlie Christian, the guitarist, who, in 1939-41, when these sides were made with the Benny Goodman sextet and septet, was tipping jazz on its ear. Several of the tunes have been reissued before, and several are also different masters. There is an intriguing business on "Breakfast Feud," where George Avakian has skilfully spliced together the three different solos Christian took on three separate takes. There are also two wonderful pre-session warm-ups taken down while the studio engineers were adjusting their equipment. On one, Christian invents "A Smo-o-o-o-th One," and Cootie Williams plays the best open-horn solo he has ever put on record.
Dizzy Gillespie and Strings. Norgran MGN-1023, $4.98.	Dizzy Gillespie is a consummate musician who has his jazz exactly where he wants it, a rare enough condition in any art. He is enveloped in strings on four selections here and somewhat lifted on four more by a big band that includes Lucky Thompson and J. J. Johnson. Aside from occasional skylarking, Gillespie is in a thoughtful, brownish mood, and makes the best of the average Johnny Richards and Buster Harding arrangements and originals.
Don Elliott: Mellophone. East Coast Jazz/6. Bethlehem BCP-12, $4.85.	Don Elliott, who plays as many instruments as Lope de Vega wrote plays, works his way through eight standards and two originals here (all but one arranged by Manny Albam) on the mellophone, which sounds like a soft-headed trombone. He does it with great skill and warmth, and it is too bad that the frameworks, which slump on the slow numbers, weren't more viable. B. Byers, D. Bank, B. Galbraith, H. Reich, H. McKusick, M. Hinton, and M. Zelnick are also profitably on hand.
Jazz Studio 3, Featuring the Compositions and Arrangements of John Graas. Decca DL-8104, $3.98.	John Graas, an attractive enough French horn player, with four different West Coast groups (Mulligan, Fagerquist, Guiffre, Bunker, Roberts, Counce, Mitchell, Paich, Candoli, Sims, Mariano, Previn). All eight tunes are silked into Graas arrangements, and five of them, including parts of two movements of a projected jazz symphony, are his compositions. The net effect is somewhat like being hit over the head with a terribly clean washcloth.
K. and J. J. East Coast Jazz/7. Bethlehem BCP-13, $4.85.	Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson in their third set of perfectly great dual trombonology. The arrangements are split evenly by the two on the six standards and four originals, and the expert accompaniment includes Dick Katz, Al Harewood, Milt Hinton and Wendell Marshall.
Dancing Jazz: With Turk Murphy's Jazz Band. Columbia CL-650, $3.95.	Columbia's fourth Turk Murphy album, recorded last fall when the band (Everett Fary, Bob Helm, Wally Rose, Bob Short, Al Lyons, and Bob Thompson) was englassed at Childs Paramount on Broadway. There is some fine tuba by Short.
Rampart and Vine: With the Rampart St. Paraders. Columbia CL-648, $3.95.	A kind of middle-aged reunion of the Bobcats, where too much wine was served, the slow numbers being rather attenuated and talky, and the uptempo ones tending to knock over furniture and break windows. The nine dixieland and pop standards are performed by Clyde Hurley, who never quite makes it, the rolling Eddie Miller, Mattay Matlock, Abe Lincoln, Joe Rushton, Stan Wrightsman, Nick Fatool, George Van Eps, and Phil Stephens.
Teddy Wilson, accompanied by Jo Jones and Milt Hinton. Norgran MGN-1019. $4.98.	Teddy Wilson, who has been wearing the same bright musical shoes for many years now, in twelve solo renditions of familiar standards, which include a slow blues. (Wilson always approaches the blues, as he does here, as though he were laying his best silver.) Jo Jones and Milt Hinton provide immaculate, full support. All in all, the richest set of solo impressions Wilson has yet recorded.
Phil Woods New Jazz Quintet, Featuring Jon Eardley. Prestige LP-191, $3.85.	Nobody on this record is over thirty, and the results, in a strictly modern vein, are happy, thoughtful jazz. There are four originals of varying quality, two of which are by Eardley, one by Woods, and one by pianist George Syran. Woods plays an unusually—in this day of frozen jazz—mellifluous and hot alto, and Eardley, a trumpeter, is following in the same track. Also on hand are Teddy Kotick on bass and drummer Nick Stabulas.
Lester Young and His Band. Norgran MGN-1022, $4.98.	Lester Young is still posing the same dry, subtle statements he was in the late Thirties, although they are now sometimes repetitive and a little querulous. There is an outstandingly suave and blue "I'm In The Mood For Love" here, but the rest of the material is only surface jazz. Jessie Drakes, Gildo Mahones, John Ore, and Connie Kay provide enthusiastic inventions as well as accompaniment. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Rare and Robust

By FRED GRUNFELD

THE rare and robust virtue Villa-Lobos brings to music is a sense of the effortless, the uncontrived. Composing seems as natural for him as breathing, and as essential. He says "I create music from biological necessity." He'll do so at the drop of a hat or any reasonable pretext. Riding one day on an antiquated railroad—another composer would have been content to hum a tune under his breath—the huffing and puffing prompted him to write "The Little Train of the Caipira," the first narrow-gauge toccata in history. It was also the freshest thought on the subject since Rossini's "Little Pleasure Trip on the Train."

Villa-Lobos asserts he is never at a loss for a melody because "any graph or outline will do." To prove it to reporters at the New York World's Fair in 1939 he charted the Manhattan skyline on staff paper and emerged two hours later with a full-fledged orchestral piece. A stunt, perhaps; but differing only in degree from the tricks with paper music the old Netherlanders used to play. His capacity for speed and concentration borders on the phenomenal. Villa-Lobos can revise a score in his room, blissfully indifferent to a radio that blares forth an unctuous mixture of cocktail music and commercials. He has composed new works overnight, rushing the parts to rehearsal before the ink was dry—shades of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. (What the Salzburger and the Brazilian have in common besides facility with notes is a passion for billiards.)

Some future Köchel will have his hands full setting the Villa-Lobos catalogue to rights. The exact number of his works is a mystery, even to the composer. It was already vast when he first descended on Paris in 1923 (having come not to study, but "to show them what I've done"), and current estimates run to about 2,000, give or take a few hundred. In itself this jungle-like fecundity simply means that his claim to "biological necessity" is not idle braggadoccio. But at such a pace a composer has no time for brooding over ways to avoid the obvious, nor can he afford the inhibitions that beset more deliberate colleagues. Almost anything is grist for the Villa-Lobian mill: Hollywood climaxes, sound effects borrowed verbatim from birds and beasts, ostinato rhythms driven nearly beyond the breaking-point, worn-out Impressionist harmonies, and even simple triads long since considered *passé* in the modern vocabulary.

Applied with wide-eyed naivete in one instance, they may appear smartly sophisticated in another. Critics rarely fail to be annoyed by what they regard as his lack of self-discipline, his banality, or his "unmerciful length." Yet it strikes me that precisely this unbridled handling of the common and the commonplace, flying in the face of so-called good taste and discrimination, stamps his work with a new brand of audacity. And, having the courage of his convictions, he expresses them with unfailing elegance.

The taboos of European tradition hold little meaning for Villa-Lobos because he is a Brazilian, standing on the outer fringes of Western culture looking in. Brazil, to which he is bound by "the geographic gravity a composer can't escape," is a tonal crossroads where the Congo intersects the Amazon and the Italian opera-house faces the jazz cafe. Drawing, or rather pouring his music out of that melting-pot, Villa-Lobos never needed to ask, as Bartók once did, "Do you think my music is modern enough?"

Several new LPs afford a closer acquaintance with the more mellow and engaging side of his disposition. For Westminster, in a vivid recording (WL 5360, $2.39), the New Art Wind Quintet performs a trio for oboe, clarinet, and bassoon (1921) fairly bursting with vitality in rhythm and texture; a quartet (1928) reflecting his exposure to Paris in its Impressionist hues; and a quintet (1928) "in the form of a *Chôros*" ("Serenade" would be the nearest English equivalent) that suggests Rabelais in the jungle, a series of terse statements punctuated with sounds of a tropical rainforest. Played with the sort of rhythmic mother wit native to both Americas, these pieces are patently street music; like *cassations* of old, both for and of the open air. Their brash, alley element stems from the days when Villa-Lobos himself was a wayfaring serenader in the Brazilian hinterlands.

At the keyboard, Villa-Lobos maintains an equally pronounced atmosphere of indoor music-making, often redolent of Chopin in the salons. Lenore Engdahl, a young Minnesotan making her record debut (on M-G-M E 3158, $3.98) plays a cross-section of his piano pieces from 1917 to 1942 with commendable warmth and sapience, if little fire. The other side offers a significant contrast. Milhaud's "Saudades do Brasil" add up to a light-hearted travel notebook of the years 1917 and 1918 when the composer served as secretary to Paul Claudel, then French Minister to Brazil (hardly "another member of the staff" as the notes have it). But for all their local color and rhythm, they remain Parisian to the core.

No outsider can, after all, hope to take back more than a tourist's impressions of the world of sound that Villa-Lobos is heir to. In his Norton lectures at Harvard, Aaron Copland recalled how forcefully our hemispheric differences were brought home to him when Villa-Lobos showed him his private collection of percussion implements. Enviously, Copland had to ask himself, "How did we ever manage to get along with the bare boom of the bass drum and the obvious crash of cymbals?"

Puccini as Lehar

PUCCINI: *"La Rondine," with Giacinto Prandelli, Eva de Luca, and Vladimir Pagano, with Federico del Cupolo conducting.* Entré EL-12, $11.94.

THE LONG PUZZLING question of "What about 'La Rondine'" (when considerations about the less-known works of Puccini are raised) has been clarified by the long over-due appearance of this odd enterprise. What is involved, merely, is the wrong name on the work: if it bore the signature of Franz Lehar it would have been revived years ago. For, as in "The Land of Smiles" Lehar donned the mantle of Puccini, so in this enterprise of 1917 Puccini's heart was in Vienna rather than Milan.

To be sure, the sentimental story about a gullible young man who falls in love with a *demi-mondaine* posing as one equally innocent, only to renounce him, tearfully, when he wants to marry her, is one of the triter patterns of stage carpentry. But let it be said that Puccini did not burden his structure with more musical weight than it could bear. His waltz themes are frothy, his melodic writing decidedly sentimental, but always in the mood of the subject with which he is concerned. He even anticipates a kind of appogiatura now considered *a la mode* by Patti Paige.

At the head of this notice this enterprise was described as "odd." That is a moderate word, I think, for the appearance of this first recording of so popular a composer as Puccini on an economy label. Not that Columbia is being over-generous in asking only $11.94 a set for it. Aside from Giacinto Prandelli, who sings Ruggero very well, there is not a "name" singer in the cast. Moreover, aside from Eva de Luca, who does Magda charmingly and sings the music at the top of the register with real brilliance, there is not a singer in the cast who really deserves to be other than anonymous.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Unique Art of Shanta Rao

By FERNAU HALL

". . . thanks to Shanta the great art is still alive."

VERY few realize how much theatrical dancing in the West owes to Indian dancing and its daughter-styles in countries such as Siam, Java, and Andalusia. The most important of the Fokine reforms which launched modern ballet (use of the whole body, including the arms, for expressive purposes) was first inspired by the performances of the Royal Siamese Dancers in St. Petersburg in 1900; and in many of the ballets which Fokine composed for Diaghilev—above all "The Firebird" and "Le Dieu Bleu"—the influence of the East was unmistakable. During this same period Indian influence on the young art of modern dance was if possible even more profound: the great American pioneer Ruth St. Denis was largely inspired by what she could discover or imagine of Indian dancing, and her example gave a new direction to modern dance on both sides of the Atlantic. During the Thirties two Indian dancer-choreographers (Uday Shankar and Menaka) brought together ideas from Indian and Western dancing, and had considerable influence on both (though in the West Menaka's influence was mainly confined to Central European modern dance). Antony Tudor was powerfully influenced by Uday Shankar during his formative years in England in the early Thirties: he even composed a ballet in Indian style in 1933 ("Atalanta of the East"), and though this was not a complete success artistically his experiments with symbolic gestures were of decisive importance in helping him to form a new type of dance-imagery in which arm and hand movements were just as important as those of the legs—thus continuing the great pioneer work of Fokine.

All this took place without any direct contact between Western dance and the great classic styles of India, which remained to a considerable extent unknown and unrecognized even in India: what usually reached the West was something very much simplified and Westernized. In recent years, however, classic dancing has regained its honored place in India, and a few great classic Indian dancers have visited the West. The latest of these cultural ambassadors is Shanta Rao, brought to New York (along with the distinguished Indian musician Aly Akbar Khan) by the Museum of Modern Art and the Ford Foundation to perform at the Museum of Modern Art in connection with the exhibition "The Living Arts of India."

The conjunction between the title of this exhibition and Indian classic dancing is a happy one: this great art, with its thousands of years of continuous tradition, is still very much alive, and it is largely thanks to Shanta that it preserves its vitality. In many ways she is unique among the Indian classic dancers of today, and her visit to the West is a major event in the history of the dance.

As was to be expected, a number of different techniques have grown up in different parts of the Indian subcontinent. These have certain elements in common: all of them, for example, make use of *mudras* (symbolic gestures), there is a very elaborate training for every part of the body, including the hands, facial muscles, and eyes, and many years of strenuous training are essential. Shanta has mastered all three of the major South Indian styles, and performs in each of them during her present tour. She is the only living exponent of Mohini Attam, and is the first dancer to present West of Bombay the full range of Bharata Natyam (including the *varnam*, which is the main item in a Bharata Natyam recital and lasts anything from forty-five minutes to one-and-one-half hours).

The stamina and memory required by a dance like the *varnam* goes far beyond anything in Western classic dancing, where a solo is considered long if it lasts four minutes. Bharata Natyam differs in the most violent way from the usual Western idea of oriental dancing: both arm and leg movements are angular and powerful in the extreme, the feet strike the floor emphatically (working up to great speed and complexity of rhythm in the climaxes), and the dancer covers a good deal of ground in some of the movements, even leaping into the air at times. The dramatic side is also highly developed, and in fact experts consider that this style remains closer than any other to the ancient classic style described in the textbooks of antiquity. Shanta spent many years in a remote village in South India studying this style with the greatest of the old traditional teachers, and mastered the whole range of it. She is famous in India for her insistence on complete authenticity (at a time when the classic styles are rapidly decaying); for her mastery of the creative side of Bharata Natyam—i.e. improvisation within strict rules, which only great artists can achieve; and for her fabulous repertoire.

Whenever I see Shanta performing Mohini Attam I have a spine-tingling *frisson*, for I know that everything I see, the heritage of many centuries of creative work by a long series of great dancers and teachers, survives in Shanta alone; what is more, she is fully worthy of this great responsibility, giving every movement its full measure of nobility, grace, and poetry and absolute perfection of line and rhythm, as well as maintaining a com-

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plete identification with the character and mood of the personage she is interpreting at the moment. Mohini Attam lacks the brilliance of the pure-dance aspects of Bharata Natyam, but it has many virtues of its own.

Mohini Attam belongs to Kerala (Cochin-Travancore, on West coast of South India). Another related style of this region is Kathakali, a type of dance-drama performed by troupes of classic dancers. This style is extremely strenuous, and there have been relatively few great female Kathakali dancers. In recent years it has been the custom to teach girls only a simplified version of Kathakali; but Shanta insisted on learning the whole range of it from the most stern and exacting of the old teachers, and satisfied even the almost incredible standards he demanded of male dancers. On stage she dances only female roles, but her very extensive mastery of Kathakali stood her in good stead when she created something new within the Kathakali tradition—a dance-drama *Ambapali* dealing with the life of a courtesan who fell in love with Buddha. It is characteristic of Shanta that when she composed her first Kathakali dance-drama she chose a subject new to Kathakali (up to then invariably concerned with episodes from the two Hindu epics), and devised a musical accompaniment much more varied and expressive than the traditional one; but at the same time she kept strictly to the Kathakali technique of dramatic expression and abstract dancing, and made use of the purest traditions of classic South Indian music. Like the great creative figures in all classic styles of art, she has the most profound respect for the work of her teachers and predecessors, and stands on their shoulders when she makes any innovation.

Cinderella Without Sorcery

ROSSINI had composed eighteen operas, including both "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," when, on January 25, 1817 (he was not quite twenty-five), Rome heard the first singing of "La Cenerentola." Although it was a failure at first, this *melodramma giocoso* to Jacopo Ferretti's un-magicked version of the Cinderella story eventually became a longtime success. The Metropolitan, which has done much worse, has never tried "La Cenerentola," but in 1953 the New York City Opera Company produced it in a courageous makeshift with a modicum of style, but also with that Company's usual fuzziness of musical detail and acceptable but unexciting voices. When RCA Victor made good its promise (LHMV 600, $4.98) of a Glyndebourne Festival Production recording, the prospect could only please: both printed and word-of-mouth reports on the Glyndebourne "Cenerentola" had been mostly glowing.

Anyone who enjoys Rossini will get very considerable pleasure from this recording, technically superior and thoughtfully accompanied by an excellent brochure containing pictures of the cast, a relevant excerpt from Francis Toye's "Rossini," a clear retelling of the plot, and a paralleling of an approximately correct Italian libretto and a serviceable English translation by Chester Kallman. But no one should take seriously the parenthetic "(Complete)" on the package, or believe that he is about to hear a performance approaching in style, vitality, of vocal excellence the recent Angel recording of "L'Italiana in Algeri."

The brochure states that the recording omits the two *arie del sorbetto* that Rossini handed over to another composer, but it fails to mention the excision of several other arias—and many passages of sense-clarifying recitative and (peculiarly) numerous clearly intended flights of *fioriture,* including some for Cenerentola herself. The text of some of the omitted passages survives in the brochure.

More important, Marina de Gabarain proves by no means equal to the hazards Rossini set for Cinderella; she is no Simionato. Ian Wallace (Don Magnifico), Sesto Bruscantini (Dandini), and Juan Oncina (Ramiro) are very good; Hervey Alan (Alidoro) is only a little less good—and Alda Noni (Clorinda) and Fernanda Cadoni (Tisbe) seem good in what is left of their roles. Vittorio Gui leads the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and Chorus with authority, but without the accuracy and glinting brilliance that Carlo Maria Giulini brought to "L'Italiana in Algeri." He gets results that are good, but not good enough, and leaves room for a first-rate "Cenerentola" in the future.

Despite the celebrants of "La Cenerentola," the opera itself has never struck me as entirely satisfactory. It has wonderful episodes, notably the rushing patter ensembles and Cenerentola's magnificent closing "Non più mesta." Could it be, I wonder, that in a predominantly farcical opera the central character, Cinderella herself, is not funny at all? Indeed, she is presented as a rather saccharine poor slavey; she whines a bit, cajoles a bit, loves mousily, and forgives nobly, but never for a moment shows any spirit. Francis Toye says that several Rossini biographers have abused Ferretti's libretto "but by no means with justice." I admire Mr. Toye immensely, but here I take leave to disagree. The libretto is weak, being hollow at the core and also mostly devoid of the grace of language which lends such special quality to Angelo Anelli's text for "L'Italiana in Algeri" and Cesare Sterbini's for "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Having removed the supernatural element, Ferretti forgot—in Cenerentola's case—to replace it with something equally good.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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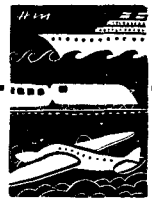

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

SANCTUARY BY-THE-SEA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Interrupted for special travel issues on Europe, the Western Hemisphere, and the British issue of May 7, Horace Sutton's Middle East series, starting in* SR *Apr. 2 and 9, is continued with this dispatch from Israel, which coincidentally is published on the seventh anniversary of that state's founding.*

ABOARD THE S.S. *Independence.*

A U.S. diplomat was telling me in Jerusalem the other day that "we" do not recognize the *de jure* division of the Holy City, although anyone, even a member of the *corpo diplomatico* trying to cross the Jordan-Israel border at the Mandelbaum gate, would have to accept the *de facto* division.

After complying with the complicated provisions installed by both sides and passing from Arab to Jewish Jerusalem, it is difficult to believe that one is merely in another part of the same city. New Jerusalem gleams with new buildings. Its look is European, and so—except for a group of Indian Jews I passed on Mount Zion—are its people. For better or worse there is no helter-skelter, mad jamboree Oriental-bazaar atmosphere. If you would shop, you will find the best of Israel's handicrafts have been collected in orderly stores operated by Wizo, the Women's International Zionist Organization.

The Wizo woman who waited on me was modish. She spoke English with a French accent. She showed me the crafts made by Israel's new artisans—rugs by Libyans who formerly lived in caves; basketry and intricate jewelry by Yemenites who were jewelers to the court of Yemen, a country where they were required to step into the gutter when passing an Arab on the street. Some Yemenites, descendants of Jews who had left Jerusalem 2,000 years ago, came back after World War I, crossing on a donkey the great length of Arabia from a corner across the Red Sea from Ethiopia to the shore of the Mediterranean. They had heard a new Jewish king sat on the throne at Jerusalem. The king, it transpired, was Sir Herbert Louis Samuel, first High Commissioner to Palestine in 1920. The rest of the Jewish Yemenites, or most of them anyway, packed up their jeweler's tools after the state of Israel was declared and without a flicker of emotion boarded the great airlift that was organized to fly them out of the Imam's desert kingdom to the new republic. After all, it had been written that one day they would return to Israel on the wings of an eagle. And so they did.

Today the Yemenite handicraft hangs in the shops beside the work of the modern artisans down from Europe who hammer avant-garde designs on their tin trays. And together with the green oxydized copper pieces for which Israel has become famous, the ancient Yemenite designs find their way into the gay blue-and-white wrappings of the Wizo and are carried away to lands where few have heard of Yemen, or of Jews that are black, where few can imagine a people who hadn't seen a car (let alone a plane) until the day they were carried back to the homeland aboard the promised eagle.

For some reason the news dispatches of recent years had left me with the clear impression that the King David Hotel had been reduced to rubble. I found it without a matchstick out of place, across the street from the skyscraping tower of the YMCA. Its expansive public rooms and broad stairways are from an era of Swiss hotel expansiveness embellished with artistic themes from the time of King David and Solomon.

A double room with bath costs about $9 a day with breakfast, and breakfast arrives on a wagon that holds black olives, cottage cheese, tomatoes and onions, pickled herring, shredded carrots, butter and rolls, and a jug of orange juice. There is a broad terrace guarded by a tall and solitary date palm looking out to the old city, far beyond to the Dead Sea, and across the garden of the hotel to Mount Zion. Here you can walk amid the wild lavender, under the cypresses and Aleppo pines and the wild pepper trees (whose branches are said to do wonders with moths), to the Mother of Churches, site of the Last Supper, the Room of the Washing of the Feet, and in a crypt in the northwest corner the place where "Mary fell into eternal sleep."

Converted to Moslem worship in the seventh century, the church was a prime target of the Crusaders, but was taken again by the Moslems in the sixteenth century and remained under Islam until 1948. Under the U.N. Charter it is still technically a place of Moslem worship and no public prayer is allowed, but during the Holy Year of 1950 pilgrims dropped to their knees and gathered dust from the bare floors to put in their prayer books.

Near the hall of the Last Supper is the traditional tomb of King David. The silver ornaments on top of it come from Poland, Rumania, and Hungary. A Scroll of Law rests there too, placed on the tomb on the last day of the War of Independence. It will go with the armies again in case of a new war. In the same tomb, bridging the ages, are ashes of some of the victims of Europe's concentration camps.

WESTWARD out of Jerusalem, over the hills of Judea, rolls the road to Tel Aviv. Burned-out armored cars, canceled payments of independence, lie rotting alongside the highway. Down from the hills, on the old Roman road, we crossed the plain where Samson lived, and ran through Ramle, where the Crusaders manned a key fortress. Cactus grows alongside the highway and the air is heavy with mimosa and orange blossom.

The Arab maps I was given in Jordan and Syria do not show Tel Aviv, which sprang out of the suburbs of Arab Jaffa—now its twin city. Jaffa is ancient; it was one of Anthony's gifts to Cleopatra; it was

—Israel Government Tourist Office

Arab women still draw water from Mary's well in Nazareth—"bridging the ages."

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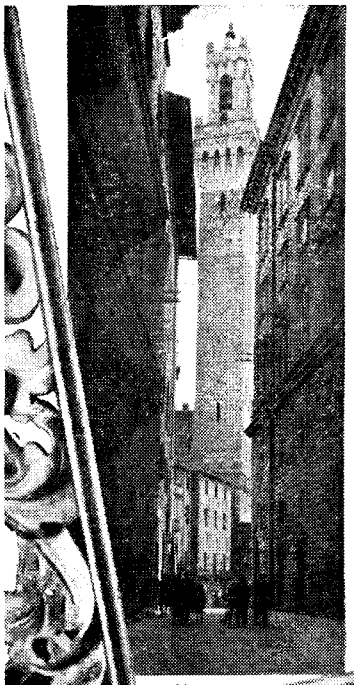
sacked by Vespasian; it was a fortress of Richard the Lion-Hearted; it was captured by Napoleon. Somewhere off its harbor, where the boats wait now to take Jaffa oranges to the greengrocers of London, Jonah was swallowed by the whale.

Tel Aviv was born in 1909, and by 1939 had 155,000 citizens. It was the heart of the Haganah's efforts at secret immigration, and here the independent Jewish state was proclaimed on May 14, 1948. Southern Tel Aviv was under sniper fire from Jaffa for five months, but after an Israeli counterattack Jaffa fell to the Jews. In the strange course of history old Jaffa is overshadowed by young Tel Aviv, now the home of the Israel Philharmonic, the Israel Opera, the Habima Players, and the Stock Exchange. It is a city of balconied houses and a sandy strand bordered with outdoor cafes. Its new Dan Hotel gives onto the sea, the rooms air-conditioned, the aspect ultramodern.

Resort hotels run the Israeli riviera north of Tel Aviv. Ten minutes out of town is the Ramat Aviv, the Mount of Spring, a big motel-like operation built around a huge garden. There is a swimming pool with a palmy island in the center. There is dancing outdoors. Its Italian investors, with a characteristic eye to antiquity, have built some Roman relics from nearby Caesarea into its walls. The rate is $25 a day for two with meals.

A few miles up the beach is the new, 126-room Sharon, with its balconies flaring out into the storied sea. A terrace comes with every room, a piece of chocolate is laid at night on every pillow, a *mezuzah* enclosing Biblical passages is affixed to every door. Outdoor tea terraces, and under them the sand dunes, run down to the sea. Those who bathed in the Dead Sea from the Kalia Hotel will find the Sharon an exact if enlarged copy. The foundations of the Kalia—it was blown up by the Arabs—are now in Jordan. The Sharon was opened by the owners of the Kalia one year from the day they were driven from the shores of the Dead Sea.

Israel's other vista on the water is its shoreline, which nearly encloses Lake Tiberias, better known as the Sea of Galilee. The day I was there the fields screamed yellow with mustard bloom and across the lake the snow on Mount Hermon was an ermine stole worn out of season. At the hotel known as the Galei Kinereth a solitary couple sipped tea on the terrace by the water's edge. We went down the street to the restaurant that spreads its tables along the quay, and while waiting for the grilled fish called *masrek* we dipped pieces of *pita*, a flat soggy bread of the East, into bowls of



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humus, a spread of olive oil and chick pea, and *tehina,* which is sesame oil and parsley.

We rode past the baths of Tiberias once owned by Cleopatra, past the mouth of the River Jordan, to the Kibbutz Degania to meet the bronzed pioneer Joseph Baratz, who tells the story of this, Palestine's first collective farm, in a new book, "A Village by the Jordan" (Harvill Press, London). We met an aging Yemenite with black face and gray beard and blue beret, tiptoed through the napping nursery where children from three to six are kept with delicate care while their parents work the fields. Then we strolled out into the luxurious garden planted in honor of the defenders of the *kibbutz,* past the eight young trees planted by the families who lost members in a skirmish during the War of Independence, seven boys and one girl. And we saw the rusting Syrian tank that was knocked out by a Molotov cocktail tossed by a boy of fourteen. The Syrian mountains rose ominously across the water and over the blue skimmed the boats on their way to Tabgha, where Christ performed the Miracle of the Loaves and the Fish, to Capernaum, where He first preached.

We turned the car west and headed for my ship that waited on the wharf at Haifa. Past the greening fields we came at last to Nazareth. Christ's own village is a complete Arab town inside Israel. Men cover their heads with the traditional white *keffiyeh,* Arab laborers are building a new Franciscan church, and Arab guides licensed by the state point out the Church of St. Joseph and Joseph's carpenter shop. In the Church of the Annunciation are the two columns built by St. Helena, mother of Constantine, which mark the place of the Announcement to the Mother of Jesus. At the altar is the inscription "Here the Word Became Flesh."

En route to Haifa we made a short detour to Beit She'arim, which means the Place of the Gates. It is more truthfully a city of the dead. We lighted candles and passed through a great stone-hinged gate into the cool caves where the tombs rest, congregated here from all lands of the earth. Beit She'arim was the site of high religious councils whose deceased members were buried in the necropolis. Such pious men would never be forgotten by the Messiah on a day of resurrection, and it was good to be nearby. Therefore, Jews of all countries of the Dispersal brought their dead to these acres and the bones rest still in the hillside.

We pushed back the stone-hinged gate again and stood for a blinking minute to watch the *sabras* gambol in the sunlit mustard fields. *Sabras* are children born in Israel. A *sabra* is also a cactus. Like cactus, you can't touch a *sabra,* he doesn't need much water, he was born here, and he is sweet inside.

I saw the last of Israel from the deck of the sleek American liner *Independence.* In front of me all Haifa grew up the hillside. There was the Bahai Temple, the shiny dome built by the cult which accepts all prophets, teaches love, peace, and tolerance, and glories in the beauty of flowers. I could recall its gardens with the straight hedges, its olive trees and cypresses swaying in the wind off Haifa harbor, and even the unswaying iron tulips on its gates.

Dusk came at last to the Eastern Mediterranean and the Bahais threw lights on their mother church. Then lights twinkled in all the homes of Haifa and ran like a carpet of marquisite up the slopes of Mount Carmel, where nine centuries before Christ the prophets Elijah and Elisha thundered against Baal, the god of the Phoenicians. Then suddenly the dance band of the S.S. *Independence* standing on deck broke into the "Hatikvah," the Israeli national anthem. The music coursed down to the quay where Israeli sailors shot to attention and so did police officers in blue. A cargo train loaded with white crates stopped short and its driver jumped to the dock and froze. The gleaming headlights of an automobile strayed onto the dock like a late and larksome diner coming in during grace. The brakes screeched, the door swung open and swayed long after its driver was at ramrod attention. The music rolled up over Carmel and out towards the hills of Galilee and all that moved was the ship as it edged soundlessly from the dock and the colored farewell streamers that frolicked in the evening breeze like unknowing children. Then the music was over and the dock came to life and the great black bulk of the *Independence* slipped past the Italian ship that plies the route to Trieste. We were so close you could read the name on the hull. *Pace,* it said. Peace.

—Horace Sutton.

The Maidens

Continued from page 23

committee in the U.S. handling placement of the girls in private homes for out-of-hospital care.

Once the selections had been made individual letters were written to the entire group of forty-three. The Maidens who were selected to make the trip were given instructions regarding passports and visas and final preparations. They were also asked, though we knew this to be superfluous, to make a special effort to encourage those who were to be left behind. The Maidens who were rejected for medical reasons were given no promises, but it was made clear to them that the doctors intended to explore the possibilities of future treatment within the city.

ON THE day before we left the American Consul General at Kobe, Ralph J. Blake, called with two highly welcome pieces of information. The first was that it would not be necessary for the Maidens to make the long trip to Kobe for the purpose of applying for visas. Acting on his own responsibility, the American Consul General would have a branch office set up in Hiroshima for that purpose. Another decision by Mr. Blake provided one of the most inspiring developments of the entire project to date. The United States Government, Mr. Blake said, would not require the girls to have passport photographs. The profound sensitivities behind this decision made a deep impression on all members of the party.

There was yet other good news before the expedition left Hiroshima. Miss Buck sent word, through her associates, that Philadelphia was ready and willing. Thus, before long, the machinery will be set up for a similar project in Nagasaki. About this, more on this page later.

This completes the report to date except for two things. The first concerns the scene at the railroad station when the party left for Tokyo. Among those who came to see the doctors off were forty-three girls. They were arm in arm. They were in even better spirits than usual. Try as they might, the doctors could not tell from their radiant faces which ones knew they were coming to America.

The second item concerns a telephone call to *The Saturday Review.* It was from a man who identified himself as Robert Lewis. "I just wanted to say how personally grateful I am for this project," he said. "I was the captain of the plane that dropped the bomb."

—N. C.

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Faith for Our Day

Continued from page 19

are not only tonic in their austere beauty, but practical and heartening as well. Interwoven though our destiny be with that of our fellow men, we must respect the intimate spiritual privacy of others. Otherwise we are reflecting "a secret contempt for God."

True love and true friendship, we are cautioned, never violate the inward solitude. Silence is a strengthening and ennobling thing, akin to peace and hope. It is in silence that the delicate sense of discernment is sharpened. "The rain ceases, and a bird's clear song suddenly announces the difference between Heaven and hell."

For Brotherhood

COMBATTING PREJUDICE: One of the truly notable accomplishments in American life in the last twenty-five years has been the positive growth of religious tolerance. Although some of our progress toward brotherhood is traceable to changes in the economic and educational climate, some of it has been the work of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, as James E. Pitt makes clear in **"Adventures in Brotherhood"** (Farrar, Straus, $3.

Mr. Pitt's informal history of the Conference and the ideas it fosters begins in 1928 when Al Smith was a victim of anti-Catholic prejudice. He tells how the Conference evolved from a number of efforts to educate Americans to an understanding of, and respect for, religious differences; and he explains, in detail, what the Conference seeks, how it operates, what it has done. He shows that in the battle for brotherhood not only are ideas important but also the men and women who execute them. Leaders and laymen of the three major faiths had to translate their good will into programs of education and action that were realizable on community levels.

From Mr. Pitt's book it is evident that a tremendous fund of work has gone into making people less parochial about their religion, and that a great deal remains before the ideal of brotherhood becomes a practising belief. For all his research, however, Mr. Pitt has not written a critical history, which would have filled an important need, but rather a gloss. The story he tells is interesting enough, but it lacks the depth and penetration that the subject of brotherhood in America really ought to have.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

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Our Faith and Doctor Freud

Continued from page 10

Freud's term "illusion," which he used for traditional religions, especially Judaism and Christianity. For there is a large measure of truth in many of our projections, while "illusions" implies, like a mirage, that we are experiencing things which do not exist at all except in our own desires.

ACTUALLY, all scientific theory is projection. Nature knows nothing of the laws of physics as we formulate them; they are convenient projections of our own, convenient because, whatever nature is, these laws help us to adjust to it. Yet they do correspond to reality, though in their own form they are our own imaginative creation. Freud's own psychological theories were "illusions" as much as the religions he thought they supplanted. It remains to be seen whether Freud's formulations are pragmatically more helpful than those of traditional religion. He challenged a dangerous opponent when he called the other formulations "illusions." What I am trying to say is that Freud made a fatal error in implying that his formulations were objectively "true" as compared with other religious projections.

So the first and most profound impact of depth psychology upon my thinking, as, I believe, it is being felt, consciously or unconsciously, among all intelligent people, was to convince me that the supernatural world of God, Jesus, the angels, and all the rest in which I had been brought up was wish projection. Not all have faced the problem directly and as such, but repressed in their unconscious minds it is steadily eating away at men's faith, and, I believe, eating away all the more because it is eating in secret.

Much of modern man's sense of the futility and meaninglessness of life goes back to the fact that he has really lost faith in the great projected wish of his ancestors, the God in whom they had faith in adversity or prosperity, the one into whose hands they, like Jesus, even in death commended their spirits. We still sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," but out of the two world wars of our generation we composed no such burst of faith.

That is not at all because the people of the United States were more torn or terrified by the two last wars than the Americans of the Civil War: the old type of projection has just lost its clarity and compelling power. It was the projection which had given life its form and meaning, and put all the tragedies of life into perspective. If we recognize that men through the ages have given life meaning largely by projecting wishes of meaning (meaningful gods) upon and behind it the great question now is what of meaning is left?

The impact of depth psychology was not only to make me feel that we must be more cautious in talking about men's motives. We must, I saw, recognize that man lives not by his knowledge of right, truth, meaning, and the like, but, basically ignorant of life, by his refusing to believe that life is meaningless even though he does not understand it, and by his projecting a meaning and pattern upon it.

This discovery was to me not paralyzing at all. For if man has always lived on projections he can continue to do so. The trouble is not that our stabilizing ideals and deities are projections, but that we are becoming too self-conscious, too superior in the bad sense of the term, to be ourselves and go on projecting.

The matter of perspective returned to me. We think we see the world about us, that our sight is a true guide to reality. Actually, we never see the world as it is at all, but only as the lenses of our eyes arrange it in perspective. A photograph shows us the world as we see it because the camera too rearranges objects by means of its lens. A picture drawn without perspective is accordingly a disorganized mess of detail "without meaning." Yet the fact remains that perspective, or order, is our own projection. It simply does not exist apart from a lens. Is all our vision on that account illusion? By no means. I can throw a ball or shoot a rifle in this distorted world of perspective and hit the mark. Two facts then are apparent: first, that the world we see is a projected illusion, and, second, *in the illusion there is a large element of truth.*

The same seems to me to hold about the world of religious projection. Those of us who need to think as experts must develop techniques, as surveyors have done, for isolating the true from the untrue in the illusion. But the rest of us, who are not surveyors, can get along very well in our world of perspective, and will

only be confused if the surveyor tries to tell us how he reaches his results, just as we break down when told that Euclidian geometry is inapplicable to astral measurements. This will always be true, so far as I can see. There is no reason why the mass of us should be constantly lectured on the illusory character of our world perspective, or on the principles of trigonometry, let alone on astral geometry. The business of the surveyor is not to make us all see things as his instruments and mathematics see things, but to give us usable maps, roads, and tunnels. The only reason for my writing this article has been not to throw into confusion those who are living very well with the old formulations, but to reach people who have given up the old and have found no way to create a new projection of meaning into life, man's life on earth, and society. I write not so much to present a new map at this stage, a new projection, as to suggest the way in which the new map may be made.

PERHAPS I can make my point in a parable. Once there was a child who believed in Santa Claus, and loved him. He looked forward to his coming as soon as the days began to shorten. His parents, uncles, and playmates, all the people he knew talked to him about this wonderful person who would come at the lowest part of the year to bring him gifts. Emulating Santa, the boy learned to save his money to give gifts to his loved ones, and at kindergarten was taught to bring gifts for the poor.

Then his beautiful world and the wonderful person dominating it began to dissolve before his eyes. First a boy of eight laughed at him for believing in Santa; then his own playmates one by one discussed the reality of Santa, always with increasing pessimism. He went to his mother with his question and for the first time he noticed her eyes shift when she reassured him. After he had gone to

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 19, 3, 8, 17, 10, 15, 2, 1, 13, 11, 12, 18, 5, 20, 4, 16, 6, 14, 9.

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her several times with his question she broke down and said yes, the story of Santa is only a story, but it is a true story. She reminded him that Santa was said to come on the day when Christ was born.

She told him the new light and hope of the world emerges from the darkest days of the year as a new baby is born. The new world is one where men can hope to live and be happy only as they love one another and are kind to one another. Similarly, this must be a time of great happiness and love, of giving and receiving gifts to reassure us all of that love. We must not only receive, we must give, just as we must not only be loved but must ourselves love.

This is too hard for a little toddler to understand, the mother continued, and so we tell him the wonderful story of Santa. Now you are a big boy, and must learn that the story is really true, even if there is no Santa. For at this time we can all be happy by all being Santas. "I try," she concluded, "to be a Santa with you, your father, and your brothers and sisters. You must be a Santa to all of us."

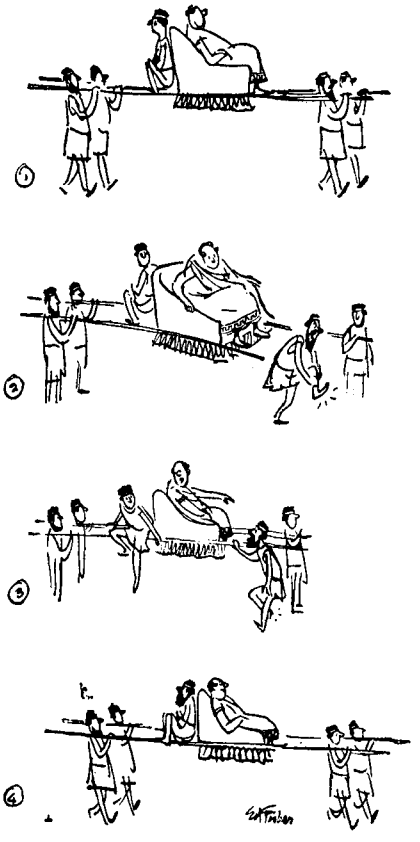
It was a tough lesson for the little fellow, his first approach to abstraction. It took him two years fully to make the adjustment. Being a very unusual child, he took his mother's words deeply to heart and really learned the lesson of Santa. As he grew older he had to make the same adjustment about the Christmas story itself, but here his mother could not help him, for all her life she believed that story literally. But he was of the new generation, to whom that story also no longer seemed factually true.

We of the intellectual class in this generation must take this next step without a mother to guide us. We must recognize in the old stories the truth which lies behind their story form. We must captivate the values they brought our ancestors even though we no longer project the same types of ideal personalities. This is only in part an intellectual task. The spirit of Christmas we keep alive in ourselves and our homes chiefly by practising it and vividly impersonating it. Much that God has stood for in the hearts of our ancestors we can discard, but essentially the conception of God has been a way of teaching the race that love and the other virtues are the only constructive ways of living for the individual and the race. God is no illusion. He is a marvelous form of projection by which we perceive the truth, as is the law of gravity.

For we can now see that this is the way man has always had for perceiving, discovering, the truth. Given a lot of facts, we begin to see a pattern in them. The scientist says: I believe that the pattern is thus and so, and that if I set up such and such an experiment I will get such and such results. If he has thought truly his experiment comes out as he predicted. But *his thought is still a projection* which will have to be endlessly corrected, and will always be a human projection.

Most of us have thought in personalities, not in mathematical formulas. So we have the great God of justice in our tradition, and this is as true as the formulas of physics, no more, no less. Whether there is such a thing as the law of gravity, for most of us it seems very silly to debate. It seems to me just as silly to question the existence of God for most people. This is the way the great mass of us approaches the truth of ethics, our life with others and with ourselves. And those of us who have come into more abstract thinking miss the person of God as the boy of six aches for Santa. If you, reader, naturally believe in God there is no reason in the world for not doing so. My point is simply that the rest of us are lost if we do not carry the values you find in God into our deepest thought and action.

The fact is, of course, that the rest of us have not stopped projecting because we do not do so in personal form. For belief in the basic values, belief that the values are values, is as much a matter of projection as any other mythology. The fact that we must accept is that human beings live on projections, not on real knowledge at all. We are still human beings in this as in everything else. But through the ages each new civilization has had to make fresh projections, new gods, theologies, moral and social standards. These have had to be in terms meaningful to the new civilization. We are coming into a new civilization ourselves, one in which the old formulations are increasingly meaningless to many of our most intelligent people. In the struggle to work out new formulations the protagonists of the old call this a period of collapse, decline, decadence. But many of us are, like a brilliant physicist of my acquaintance, deeply nostalgic for the religion of our childhood. He said to me, "We don't know where we are going, whether forward, left, or right. Of only one thing we are sure: we cannot go back."



So THE troubles of our generation may be decadence and death, but they may also be the birth of a new civilization, according as we have the courage to face the implications of the new knowledge. Of this we can be sure: in the new civilization, as in the old, man will live meaningfully only as he lives on his projections of meaning. If now some of us find it more illuminating to talk about justice than the God of Justice, of liberty than Liberty, then for the sake of all that is holy let us talk of justice and liberty with small letters and practise them. They will be no less projections than were the figures in capitals, and may be no less inspiring than those used to be. What we need is the stabilization and sense of purpose those words have for us. We can use them only as wish projections, but they can still be the plumb line of the foundations of society in the future as they have been in the past, even though we now recognize that they are wish projections.

Do you sneer at projections, calling them dreams and supposing that dreams are illusions, while you want to get down to facts? Life so envisaged is indeed a wish projection. If we call the hopes and ideals of mankind only dreams, then we must face the fact that man can live constructively only as he dreams and tries to live by his dreams. Poetry, theology, physical theory, psychological theory, piety, social and individual values, these are all variant forms in which man projects his theories or dreams upon the great unknown reality which is himself and his environment. The call upon men of the new civilization is that we be adults to a degree no men ever had to be. As we have learned more about ourselves, more about the fact of wish projection, we must face up to ourselves as an adolescent has to learn to do.

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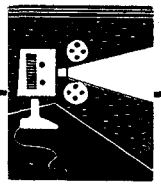

IDEAS ON FILM

REELING AT THE WALDORF

THE 16mm film came up for close inspection at the second annual American Film Assembly, sponsored by the Film Council of America and held last month at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. At final count there were 331 films and about 1,700 people on hand to see and talk about them. Generally speaking, the people were of a higher caliber than the films—but, as a matter of fact, some awfully good films *were* shown.

All the films shown at this year's Assembly had been released for 16mm use during the calendar year 1954. Unlike the first AFA in Chicago, these films had been prescreened. There were still complaints of poor films that crept in, and I dare say there were at least several instances of acceptable (average) films having been eliminated beforehand. The pros and cons of the screenings, prize-giving, and other aspects of the American Film Assembly have been—and will continue being—discussed by everyone who is in any way concerned. And since my viewpoint can only be prejudiced in its favor, I might as well state clearly my personal reaction: there was too much of everything, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

One thing I learned was this: that a number of people are as concerned about the enlightened and unrestricted use of 16mm film as I am. Bosley Crowther, motion-picture critic and editor of *The New York Times*, a relative outsider to the 16mm field, brought this home to me in his address at the opening session of the Assembly. Mr. Crowther noted with concern the possibility that well-intentioned information films can follow "the strong tendency in this day to dogmatize and demand—to convey in the guise of persuasion absolute attitudes."

"I do not pretend to be an authority on the techniques of teaching films," Mr. Crowther continued. "And I know, of course, that in certain methods of instruction it is necessary to be positive. But I have noted, in my limited observation of motion pictures intended to teach, that sometimes there appears an inclination less to *teach* than to *tell*. The film is occasionally constructed to establish a fixed idea rather than to nourish the roots of inquisitive and creative thought. When this is done with a subject of obvious shadings it violates my concept of the role of the 16mm film." Mine, too!

I also enjoyed and learned from James Card's provocative and witty address. Mr. Card is curator of films at the George Eastman House in Rochester. "Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Card informed us, "16mm film is not a medium. It is a size that motion-picture film has been slit into and perforated for the past thirty-five years. . . . The 16mm film was designed and intended for amateur use. As 16mm cameras and projectors were improved to the point where they perform with as much and even more efficiency than the 35mm, so-called professional equipment, they have still been denied access to most of the motion-picture theatres where exhibitors have vast investments tied up in 35mm equipment. . . . Inevitably 16mm producers have countered with a sour-grapes reaction; they damn the established [Hollywood] industry as makers of effervescent nonsense, while only in the 16mm field does one, it seems, find integrity, experimentation, intellectual competence, or educational worth."

THERE were also two delightful and informative articles in the local press which bear repetition. An editorial in *The New York Times* (April 4), entitled "Salute to 16mm," noted that "the expansion of the use of motion pictures for instruction and information is one of the quieter cultural movements that was greatly precipitated during and after World War II" and that "the people who serve this system work largely in inconspicuous roles, remote from the glamour and the spotlights that are associated with their more romantic relatives in Hollywood." Very sobering, indeed.

The New Yorker magazine, on the other hand, headed its write-up "Absolute or Nothing" (April 16) in a report that went like this: "When we popped over to the Waldorf to see how the Assembly was coming along, we promptly fell in with some representatives of the artistic wing of the 16mm crowd. . . . Holding forth conspicuously was a youth in a black suit, a black turtleneck sweater, and black suede shoes . . . 'The spatial relationships have been utterly lost in most of the films I've seen here,' the youth said . . . The pony-tail girl switched busily. 'Do you remember those films we saw that were made without a camera or anything?' she asked . . . We trailed the pair into a ballroom that was occupied by about 200 people, all of them obviously of a serious bent. We had just seated ourself when we acquired a companion who smelled heavily of cloves. 'O.K.,' he muttered hoarsely, in the direction of the screen. 'Make me laugh.' . . ."

Now it just happened that I was on a plane from Greensboro, North Carolina, to New York a few days after this issue of *The New Yorker* came out, and the gentleman in the seat next to me just happened to be reading that very article. I gave him time to finish the page, and then begged his pardon but couldn't help asking his reaction to what he had read. He looked up with a great big grin and said, "I got a lot of good laughs out of it. I've known an awful lot of people just like that, arty people who think they know everything. It really made me laugh." It made me laugh, too. As I say, there were a lot of people and a lot of films. It all made me realize that the human tendency is to see what you came to see.

Among the Golden Reel Award winners at this year's American Film Assembly, I was pleased to see my old favorite "And Now Miguel" [*SR* Apr. 9] and the following miscellany of films which haven't yet been reviewed in these columns:

ASIAN EARTH (22 min., color. Produced and distributed by Atlantis Productions, Box 46216, Hollywood 46, Calif.) Michael Hagopian's honest and direct treatment of a Hindu farm family in the Lower Ganges Valley gives a picture of more than a group of people and a way of life. It resounds with human warmth, and a true appreciation of the hardships and beauties of a simple life close to the soil. There are complaints about the accent and tone of the woman commentator; I found the film too intelligent and attractive to quarrel with. Golden Reel Award winner in the International Understanding category.

DAVID (38 min. Produced by World Wide Pictures, and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.) In the story of one man, Dafydd Rhys, the spirit of Wales and the Welsh people comes alive on the screen in Paul Dickson's sincere and unpretentious "David." It is told in flashback, and is enacted by D. R. Griffith, whose true story this really is. Beginning his work in the coal-mines at the age of twelve, Dafydd spent much of the next forty years underground—until sickness forced him to take a job as caretaker at the school. In his everyday life, with his family and with his friends at the colliery, Dafydd personifies the warm independent character of the Welsh people and their devotion to work, religion, education, music, and poetry. The film won a Golden Reel Award this year in the category called Cultural Value Shorts and Features, a category especially designed for films released for 16mm use following 35mm theatrical showings.

INSECT CATCHERS OF THE BOG JUNGLE (10 min., color. Produced and distributed by William M. Harlow, 903 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse 10, N. Y.) Through time-lapse photography, Dr. Harlow (a botanist and an expert cameraman) gives a detailed and fascinating view of three carnivorous plants in action—pitcher plant, sundew, and Venus flytrap.

This film was made primarily for classroom use in the natural sciences, but it's one of those happy educational films that simply knows no bounds.

HORIZONS OF HOPE (18 min., color. Produced by John Sutherland Productions, for the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. Available free from Movies U.S.A., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.) This is a resumé of the work that has been done, and is being done, in the fight to conquer cancer. Animation episodes are used to explain scientific efforts to starve or poison the cancer cells, destroy them with viruses, antibodies, or radioactivity. Live photography is interspersed to show actual research work. On a non-technical level, the film is informative and reassuring. Golden Reel Award Winner in Health and Hygiene.

—CECILE STARR.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

flesh. Claude, like the "lamb" of Mauriac's latest novel, will find his vocation in a sacrificial martyrdom for the sake of the brother and the sister whose destinies will be respectively suicide and holy matrimony. Claude's agonizing longing for purity struggles against a sensuality that is wholly animal, and nobody knows better than Mauriac how to conjure up an atmosphere of lust and vice. By intimation and suggestion that is almost hypnotic he makes us gaze through the drawn blinds of the bedroom where young Edward is nuzzling into the white bosom of the housekeeper's daughter, linger over the scene where Edward and Claude loll naked on the river bank, where Claude catches May in his arms under the plum tree.

"Only one novel is proposed to the Christian," Mauriac once wrote in his journal. "His own—the debate between himself and his Creator." And his popularity with us is sufficient testimony that his concept of the novel as a branch of Christian apologetics does not make him any less effective.

Whether we have a "Flesh and Blood" or "L'Agneau" in hand, we know we hold an authetic masterpiece that combines psychological profundity with rare perfection of style and form. —LAURENT LESAGE.

ALSO NOTED: In **"A Most Contagious Game"** (Doubleday, $3.75), Samuel Grafton's first novel, a crime reporter named Dan Lewis is directed to "sink below the level of legal life" in the interests of a first-hand expose of the underworld. The amoral journalist sinks deeper than he had intended, and finds that he enjoys the sensation. Lewis becomes a big wheel in the rackets, thrills to a kind of awareness that he calls "a sense of the moment"—and finally is bailed out morally by a helping hand from the world of normality. "A Most Contagious Game" moves fast and is sometimes wryly amusing, but Mr. Grafton's reporter and his partners in felony are just too elusive to make much of an impression on the reader.

Unrest in Sumatra is the springboard for LaSelle Gilman's latest essay in Oriental blood and thunder. **"Sow the Wind"** (Sloane, $3.50) shows what can happen when a local rajah, in an effort to retain his autonomy under the new republic, involves himself in a rebellion that is controlled by sinister outside forces. A malevolent agent provocateur, a one-armed American engineer, and a svelte colonial damsel are caught up in a situation that maintains its high degree of tension until the last casualty sinks into the jungle ooze.

The suspense story, one of Britain's most dependable exports, has another satisfying entry in J. M. Scott's **"The Other Half of the Orange"** (Dutton, $3), which sends ex-Major Martin Henson drifting through the Alps in search of a mysteriously missing wartime comrade. At the foot of the Rombert Glacier Henson finds more than he bargained for, including some ugly rumors and a beautiful girl who once shared his climbing rope. Everything is cleared up after a proper amount of cliff hanging, skilfully engineered by the mountain-loving Mr. Scott.

Kate Grimsdale, the flinty heroine of Robert Standish's **"Escape from Pimlico"** (Macmillan, $3.50) flees the bleak hutch of her dour papa in 1915 and winds up twenty-five years later as the mistress of a Bahamian isle, slightly dented by life, but supremely triumphant. The years between are never easy for Kate, and Mr. Standish does all he can to make them harder; misunderstanding, strange coincidence, sudden death, and a full quota of heartache make La Grimsdale's path as thorny as that of Stella Dallas. In spite of its abundance of corn "Escape from Pimlico" is enriched with enough color and character to be entertaining. —M. L.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 620

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 620 will be found in the next issue.

BXTFIWGKW PXG NCQMWE

ROTJIGX'N MW QJAO

JRWG JXNCI NOWS

PEW RWPRTXWG.

T. F. OTIQWR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 619

He must not laugh at his own wheeze: A snuff box has no right to sneeze.

—Keith Preston.

Our Times

Continued from page 15

ing into. In **"The Assassins"** (Harper, $4) he shows how right that hunch was, for a country that has brooded lovingly over its celebrated trials and murders has neglected perhaps the most striking crimes of all. This may be because the notable ingredient of sex is missing, since with the exception of Wilkes Booth, who was a ladies' man, the assassins were self-sufficient madmen who fired their shots as protest against some fancied wrong to themselves. (Except for Zangara, who tried to kill FDR in a last attempt to rid himself of a psychosomatic stomach ache.) But even without the popular ingredient Mr. Donovan's seven episodes make suspenseful reading. Most of them appeared in *The New Yorker* and have the meticulous, off-beat research that lights up the magazine's non-fiction. From it we learn that, in Andy Jackson's time, Francis Scott Key defended the first would-be assassin, doing it so well that he set legal precedents used in later trials. Several Presidents owe their lives to the miraculous failure of pistols to fire. Also that Wilkes Booth, having in the last week consumed many quarts of brandy in the record time of two hours, steeled himself for his awful crime by taking a chaw of tobacco.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

LEGION PRESSURES: In its thirty-six years of existence how effective has the nation's largest and most powerful veterans' organization been in shaping overall national policy? Professor Roscoe Baker never quite answers this question in **"The American Legion and American Foreign Policy"** (Bookman Associates, $4.75). But his detailed chronicle of official Legion positions on such matters as national defense, immigration, anti-Communism, and international organization—set alongside contemporary government actions—assembles much of the raw material from which an answer can come. Over the years the sequence of Legion pronouncements on foreign-military policy issues has been impressive. On some, like universal military training, the Legion has tried to lead American public opinion; on others, like international organization or pre-1941 neutrality, it has been content mostly to follow. Missing from this study is any analysis of the extent to which the Legion's influential Washington office may also have affected national policy by less publicized lobby techniques.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 12

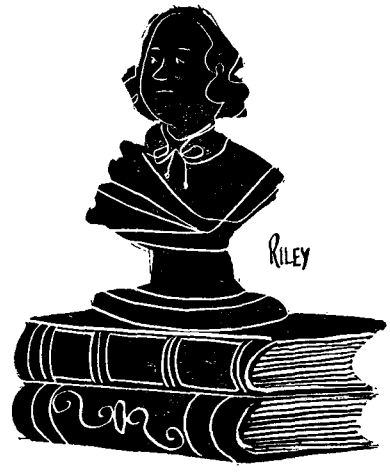
and gone") was more careful; consequently Mr. Wade was able to include more letters to him than to any other man in Yeats's circle. The Bernard Shaw papers are not yet accessible, and other important letters are hoarded by dog-in-the-manger collectors. Mr. Wade's edition is therefore far from being definitive, but the contents have been judiciously chosen to represent as many phases as possible of the poet's thinking and doing. He is specially to be commended for the samples he includes of Yeats's "intolerable tongue."

As for himself, Yeats had no regrets, except for chances wasted. In his sixties, he told Olivia Shakespear that "one looks back to one's youth as to a cup that a mad man dying of thirst left half tasted." And again, "I shall be a sinful man to the end, and think upon my death-bed of all the nights I wasted in my youth."

Notes

PLEBEIAN GENIUS: Daniel Defoe, when he died "of a lethargy" (as the notice said), left at least 375 separate published works. In his energetic lifetime he had been tradesman, traveler, pamphleteer, journalist, spy, and—during his final years—novelist. As a plebeian and Dissenter he did not share such literary glamour as shines on Addison, Swift, or Pope. If **"The Letters of Daniel Defoe"** (Oxford University Press, $6.75) fails to illuminate his life and personality it is not the fault of the editor, George Harris Healey, whose edition is up to the excellent standard of Clarendon Press books. For all his efforts he has gathered 235 letters, only a few of them new, but almost all accurately based on manuscript sources, and all clearly and full annotated.

The first surviving letter is dated 1703, when Defoe was forty-two years old. And most of the letters were sent to Robert Harley, the Tory politician



whom Defoe served in various capacities; hence they are rich only in historical value. For 1706-1707, when the legislative union of England and Scotland was being effected, a concentration of Defoe's letters survives, to the benefit of the historian. Of literary history there is hardly anything. Swift, his most important literary contemporary, and "Robinson Crusoe," his most famous novel, are unmentioned in any letter. Even with its intrinsic deficiencies the collection is essential to an understanding of Defoe's expansive genius. But why is there no illustration of a manuscript letter to show us the lineaments of his hand? —ROBERT HALSBAND.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE: The reader who wishes to explore his way into Victorian literature is faced with two formidable obstacles: the great mass of writing of all kinds produced then and its close connection with the political and social history of the period. To direct and ease his journey he can consult **"A Companion to Victorian Literature,"** by Thomas Marc Parrott and Robert Bernard Martin (Scribner's, $3), a handbook of modest size and immodest scope.

First the sweep of English history during Victoria's reign, with its domestic reforms and foreign entanglements, is set forth in an efficient if dry style. Then, more persuasively, the shaping forces of the age are analyzed: the industrial revolution, the rising democracy, and the new science. The importance of these forces can be appreciated in reading, respectively, Carlyle, Arnold, Tennyson, major writers who grappled with them. And in turn these forces have become crucial ones today. The Victorian background is followed here, logically, by concise biographies and bibliographies of nineteen major authors of the age. A chronological table at the end rounds off the survey. To the companion's credit, it does not try to be a substitute for Victorian literature but a guide to it. —R. H.

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(Continued on page 46)

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(Continued from page 45)

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LOG CABINS in the Pines. Swimming, tennis, fishing. Excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking. Private swimming pool. Tennis, handball. All outdoor sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk & ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Reasonable rates. Open from Decoration Day weekend. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

VACATIONS

CANYON CREEK CAMP, remote mountain retreat. Fishing, hunting, pack trips, cabins. Vera Schulz, Melrose, Montana.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N. Y. 2,100' elevation, 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Cottages. Mountain and Lake recreation. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. Meals varied and best. Booklet.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet. Surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

BRANDON INN on village green near library, churches. Real New England food. Elevator. Completely sprinklered. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon, Vermont.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, New York. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Tennis. Outstanding record library. Excellent American cuisine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

EASTERN SHORE Virginia farm, seashore. Excellent food. PENROSE FARMS, Quinby, Virginia.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Opening Junish. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

ROCKY POINT, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS. Delightful spot on Bay with unsurpassed ocean view—one mile from this historic city. Spacious rooms accommodating few guests all seasons. Meals graciously served and of interesting variety. Elinor F. Crandell, 140 Bay View Ave., Salem, Massachusetts.

the leaves the brook the boats the calmth the chet the barwas the bicycles the tennis the tanglewood the jazz the berkshire music barn the booklet . . . the music inn at lenox mass

SECLUDED LAKESIDE RETREAT where guests, staff and management share enchanting deep woods setting, good music, fine food, all sports. Tanglewood nearby. See advertisement last issue. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

THE BELGRADE HOTEL AND COTTAGE RESORT. Here's that famous Maine lakeshore resort you've heard about. Everything from private golf course, mile-long beach to Maine's finest bass fishing. Only $5 to $11 a day per person for rooms and reasonably priced meals, too. Write for folder. Belgrade Lakes 6, Maine.

FOR BOYS who love adventure and the sea, a unique island holiday supervised by a writer-teacher and his wife. Moderate fee. Tutoring available. Travis Ingham, Morse Island, Friendship, Maine.

CHILDREN'S CAMPS

CAMP CELO, a farm home in the Black Mountains of North Carolina for 20 boys and girls ages six to ten. Full program. Non-competitive. Worship, work and play under liberal Quaker leadership. Write Ernest Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

—From "The Poppy Seeds."

47 PICTURE BOOKS
47 FOR YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS
52 FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS
53 ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES
54 NATURE
55 OF GENERAL INTEREST
58 ADULT BOOKS FOR TEEN-AGERS

AS THE new children's books are published each spring (and fall) those of us whose business it is to appraise them wonder which ones will be prize winners for the year, and often indulge in a private guessing game, attempting to spot award books as they come out. As the announcements are made by various organizations selecting "best" books of the previous year we either beam with pleasure at our astuteness or rationalize our failure to recognize outstanding qualities in a named winner.

The Child Study Association of America, at its annual luncheon on March 28, announced two honor books: "Ordeal of the Young Hunter," by Jonreed Lauritzen (Little, Brown) and "High Road Home," by William Corbin (Coward-McCann). The Boys Club of America announced, late in March, that Junior Book Awards medals had been given to "Alphonse That Bearded One," by Natalie Savage Carlson (Harcourt, Brace), "High Road Home," by William Corbin (Coward-McCann), "Hound Dog Moses and the Promised Land," by Walter D. Edmonds (Dodd, Mead), "The Little Horse Bus," by Graham Greene (Lothrop), "The Secret of the Two Feathers," by Ivo Duka and Helena Kolda (Harper), and "Squanto Friend of the White Men," by Clyde Robert Bulla (Crowell).

The Children's Library Association, whose selections for the Newbery and Caldecott medals were announced in SR *March 19, also prepares a "List of Distinguished Children's Books of 1954." This list, too long to reproduce here, is in the March* Top of the News *and the April issues of the* Booklist *and* ALA Bulletin. *Reprints are available free from American Library Association headquarters in Chicago.*

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.
Supervisor, Children's Services
The New York Public Library

PICTURE BOOKS

SPRINGTIME FOR JEANNE-MARIE. *By Françoise. Scribner's.* $2.50. "Jeanne-Marie, Patapon, Madelon, We are three," sings Jeanne-Marie in springtime when the fields are green. But spring is also the time for wandering, and Madelon, the duck, swims off and does not return. Searching for her, Jeanne-Marie finds new friends who help her find the springtime wanderer. A simple story told with charming freshness and page upon page of charming pictures gay with flowers, insects, and little animals, and replete with the sunshine of Southern France and its people which Françoise, like Boutet de Monvel, draws with such affection. For little children.

—ROSEMARY E. LIVSEY.

LEE FONG AND HIS TOY JUNK. *Story and pictures by William Carmichael. David McKay.* $2.25. Lee Fong, a little Chinese boy, wished to be a fisherman and sail in a big junk on the beautiful China sea. To prove that he was ready to go out with his father he cleverly baited his toy junk and caught more fish than all the other men of his village. In simple line drawings and brief, hand-lettered text William Carmichael, who has lived in the Orient, tells this delightful story of an imaginative boy. —F. L. S.

TWO LONELY DUCKS. *By Roger Duvoisin. Knopf.* $2. I cannot think of a happier way of learning to count than by turning the pages of this delightful and beautiful little picture book. A new picture book by Roger Duvoisin is always an event, and this one is a major one for spring 1955. The flowing expressive line, the sensitive texture and tone, the simplicity and bold grace of the design shine out on every page. Roger Duvoisin does more with white space than most illustrators with a profusion of detail. A few lines, a few discreet touches of color and there is conveyed a marvelous feeling of the countryside where the two lonely white ducks set up housekeeping and end up with a fine family.

—MARIA CIMINO.

FROG WENT A-COURTIN'. *Retold by John Langstaff. Pictures by Fedor Rojankovsky. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. This retelling of the old ballad "The Frog and the Mouse" makes one of the gayest of picture books. The swinging rhythm of the couplets and the bright, detailed full-page illustrations blend verse and pictures into a singing story little children will delight in. Music for the tune as sung in the Southern mountains—one of the simplest versions—is given at the end.—F. L. S.

FOR YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS

THE POPPY SEEDS. *By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Crowell.* $2.75. A sear valley, a spring barricaded by a high stone wall and an old man's selfishness, red poppy seeds, and a little boy's dream of beauty for his village are the elements of this fablelike story of Mexico. Bold illustrations, striking endpapers, and jacket give vivid expression to this moving story of the power of beauty and faith. —F. L. S.

LITTLE RED NOSE. *By Miriam Schlein. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.50. Mystery of the night,

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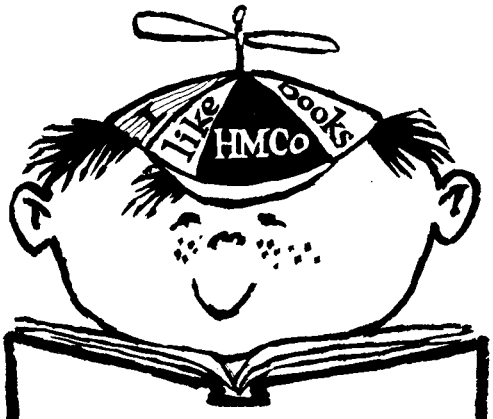


Crystal Mountain
by Belle D. Rugh
illus. by Ernest Shepard
"A wonderful family book . . . measures up to the highest standards of children's literature."
VIRGINIA KIRKUS ($2.75)

Lonesome Boy
by Arna Bontemps
illus. by Feliks Topolski
"A most unusual story . . . (with) a poet's feeling for words and images." SATURDAY REVIEW ($2.00)

The King's Snare
by Helen Lobdell
illus. by C. W. Hodges
"A well-written and honest historical romance."
THE ARGONAUT ($2.75)

Explorers' Digest
by Leonard F. Clark
illus. by Lynd Ward
"A prolific explorer and writer . . . here recounts some . . . recent explorations . . . the more vivid because he has had similar experiences." VIRGINIA KIRKUS ($3.00)

Twins in South Africa
by Daphne Rooke
illus. by W. Lorraine
A wealth of vivid background detail and an endearing story of spirited twins. (Just published) ($2.00)

A Treat in a Trout
by Elizabeth Benson Booz
Delightful pictures for an amusing story with a double twist at the end. (Just published) ($3.00)

The Workshop Book
by Martha Lincoln and Katharine Torrey
"A very fine book, full of practical help to parents in setting up workshop activity in the home." ($5.00)
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Houghton Mifflin Company

quiet of early dawn, and the clear warm sunshine of morning mark the beginning of spring to a little boy who senses that something is happening in which he, too, wants a part. Other small children poring over the pictures in this book and listening to its rhythmic story will feel themselves a part of this awakening world of sunshine and singing birds.

Miriam Schlein has a sensitive skill in interpreting intangibles about which all children wonder, yet do not know how to ask. In her earlier books, "Fast Is Not a Ladybug" and "Heavy Is a Hippopotamus," she presented concepts of speed and weight with just the right amount of suspense to appeal to the little child. More subtly she wrote of the passage of time and the changing seasons in her "Go With the Sun" and "When Will the World Be Mine?" Instinctive rapport between artist and author makes this new book a refreshing and satisfying experience for adult and child alike. —R. E. L.

A WHITTLE TOO MUCH. *Written and illustrated by Stella F. Rapaport. Putman's.* $2. The boy Henri loved to whittle. "He always carried a chunk of clear wood in one pocket and a small sharp knife in its case in the other pocket." And he whittled every spare minute he could find. When he whittled he forgot everything else.

It was on such an occasion that the cart in which Henri was sitting started rolling to the sea. Frantically he called out to everyone he passed asking for help. His adventures along the way will please the very young readers.

Mrs. Rapaport has chosen a French Canadian setting for this, her first book. Her black-and-white illustrations add to the charm of the book.
—NANCY JANE DAY.

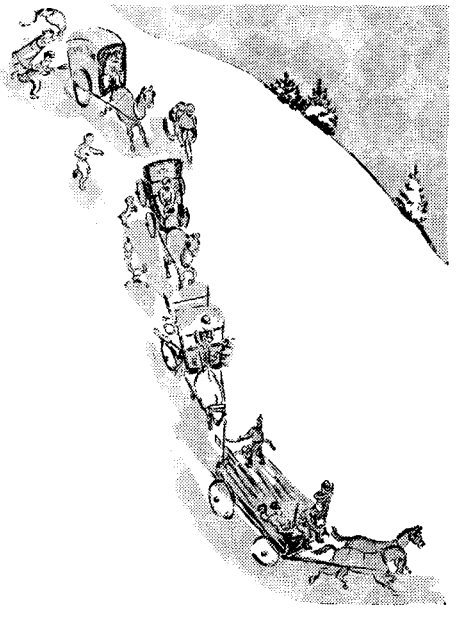
PYSEN. *By Edith Unnerstad. Translated by Inger Boye. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Macmillan.* $2.50. Inger Boye has translated another of Edith Unnerstad's rollicking Swedish stories of the inventive Larseen children, first introduced to American boys and girls in "The Saucepan Journey." The new story narrates in not-too-long, episodic chapters five-year-old Pysen's surprising adventures all around the town.

"Pysen" is full of rare, good fun and satisfying adventure with natural, ingenious children and pleasant though often puzzled parents. Just as Eleanor Lattimore's beloved "Little Pear" acquaints American children with China and the similarity of children everywhere, so will "Pysen" bring Sweden and her children nearer. Not that there is the faintest flavor of textbook about this delightful story! Amusing line drawings add to the gaiety of a book which grown-ups will enjoy reading to the five-to-seven-year-olds. Boys and girls of eight and nine will read it independently chuckling all the while.
—RUTH GAGLIARDO.

PICKEN'S TREASURE HUNT. *By Norman Davis. Oxford University Press.* $2.50. Picken is now a familiar character to boys and girls. His courage and bravery, told about so interestingly in Picken's Great Adventure" and "Picken's Exciting Summer," are once again put to the test. This time his father, the Gambian chief, sends him on a secret mission to recover Queen Wuleng's Golden Throne. He succeeds, with the help of Benjie, his pet monkey, and Momadu, a native strong man. But his success came only after great feats of daring.

Young boys who liked Enright's "Kintu," now out of print, should revel in the excitement, color, and action of this little story. The two-color illustrations by Winslade interpret the text and the mood of the African jungle.
—AUGUSTA BAKER.

BOY OF THE ISLAND. *By Will Lipkind. Illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. In his dual role of anthropologist and storyteller the author writes of life in the Hawaiian Islands before the coming of the Europeans. This is particularly the story of



—From "A Whittle Too Much."

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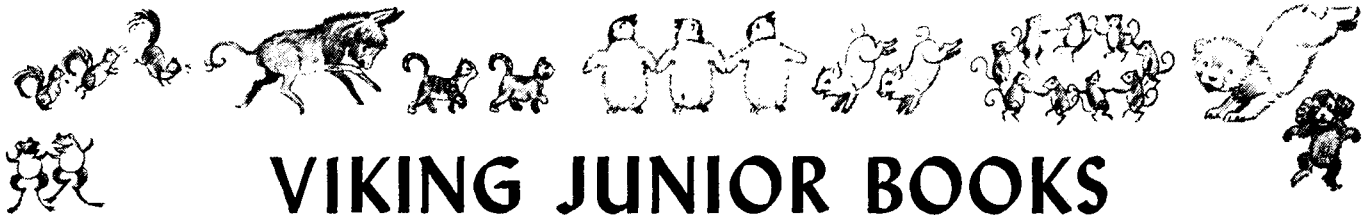

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

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WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
Verses and Pictures by ZHENYA GAY

Here's a nursery guessing game that invites children to turn the page and guess, "What's our name?" It's filled with clever verses giving the clues, and big double-spread pictures providing the answers. *Ages 2-5* $2.00

MARTIN'S FRIENDS
Story and Pictures by ROSEMARY JEMNE

Big colored pictures and just enough words capture the secret world of a small boy's play with his image in a mirror. Later, when spring comes, a surprise! *Ages 3-6* $2.00

THE LOVELY TIME
Story and Pictures by AUDREY CHALMERS

About Maw, a determined cat, who found homes for all her kittens but one, who was just as determined and refused to be given away! Many kitten drawings. *Ages 3-6* $2.00

JUNKET *by ANNE H. WHITE*
Illustrated by Robert McCloskey

"A busy Airedale who liked everything just so. How Junket took matters into his own paws and taught the McDonegals how to live in the country is delightfully told."—*ALA Booklist* *Ages 8-12* $2.75

FAIRING WEATHER
by ELSPETH BRAGDON
Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey

Bleak Island, off the Maine coast, where nine-year-old girls, one from the city and one a native islander, become the best of friends. A fine feeling of wind and sea. *Ages 6-9* $2.00

PRAIRIE STAR *by NINA H. MORGAN*
Illustrated by Robert Henneberger

"A pioneering story, patterned and warmly representative of America's immigrant backbone, takes young Johan from his home in Norway to North Dakota in 1890." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS *Ages 8-12* $2.75

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE
by HELEN RAND PARISH
Illustrated by Jean Charlot

The long-cherished story of the miracle of Our Lady of Guadalupe. "The author, who knows Mexico well, has told it simply. The full-color illustrations have the same primitive beauty." —*The Horn Book* *All Ages* $3.00

THE RISING ARROW
by HUGHIE CALL Ill. by Jacob Landau

"A simple, friendly narrative of life on a sheep-ranch near Yellowstone, describes the year young Dan and Jack spend with their Uncle Emmett. A straightforward, informative book." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS *Ages 9-12* $2.50

BOOMER *by DENIS CLARK*
Illustrated by C. Gifford Ambler

"Follows the kangaroo Boomer from sheltered infancy to captivity as a pet and later to freedom to become 'head man' of a 'mob' of kangaroos. Unusual dimensions and tough realism." —*The Horn Book* *Ages 10-14* $2.50

GREEN DOOR TO THE SEA
Written and Illustrated by ERICK BERRY

A refreshing story set in Jamaica, where sixteen-year-old Letty is convalescing from polio. Filled with the fun and adventures of underwater swimming. *Ages 12-16* $2.75

THE WILD-HORSE TRAP
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Young Rob, searching for evidence to clear his father of a robbery charge, falls in with a Kentucky horse breeder who starts Montana's first racing stable in 1880. *Ages 12-16* $2.50

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SANTIAGO *by ANN NOLAN CLARK*
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An eighteen-year-old teacher and the neglected southern farm community where her career began. She went into Pickwick Mill to a one-room schoolhouse to teach thirteen children, and ending up educating the whole town. *Ages 12-18* $2.75

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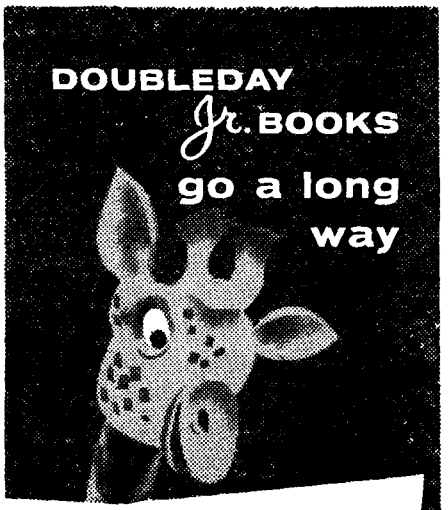

Honor Book, N. Y. Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival

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By Robert Bright. Illustrated in color by the author. Why it's fun to be a redhead (pint-size) Ages 2-6. $1.50

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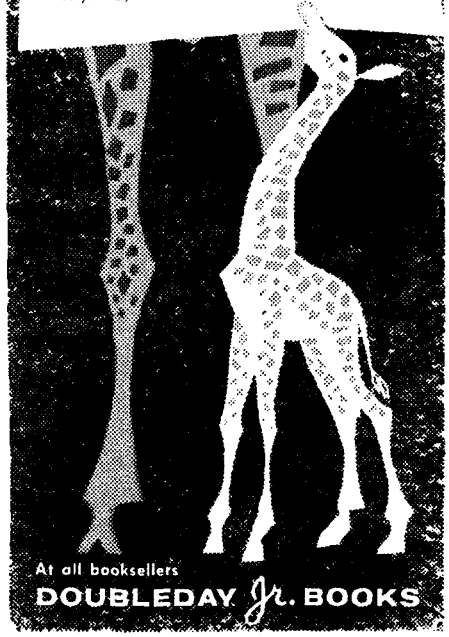

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—*From "Boy of the Islands."*

Lua, whose greatest ambition was to become the fastest runner of his tribe and one day to take his father's place as the messenger of his people. But Lua's destiny is greater than he suspects for his mother is the daughter of the powerful king of a neighboring island. Upon his grandfather's death Lua will be ruler of both his own and his mother's people. His story should be interesting in itself to boys of eight to ten, and along with the story they will gain a fascinating picture of the way of life and the arts and crafts of these ancient island people.

—LEONE GARVEY.

YIPE. *By David Malcolmsen. Pictures by Morgan Dennis. Little, Brown.* $2.75. This story of a dog, of the famliy which belongs to her, and of the farm in which she has a proprietary interest is a blend of realism and of interpretation of a dog's instincts and feelings. Yipe goes about her work of killing mice which infest the fields and ruin the apple trees with matter-of-fact expertness. The accounts of her mating and the birth of her puppies are frank and thorough and at the same time imaginative in their depiction of dog instincts. The struggle between Yipe and her daughter for leadership reveals one dog as loyal and intelligent, the other as ruthless and stupid. This book may be strong meat for most nine- and ten-year-olds, and may find its most interested audience among those children with a knowledge of the more inexorable aspects of country life. —ELIZABETH NESBITT.

MISS JELLYTOT'S VISIT. *By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Velma Isley. Lippincott.* $2.50. Mothers who do not keep cookie jars filled may regret the probable popularity of this story. Of all the delectable cookies her mother makes the jellytot is nine-year-old Katie's favorite. When, inspired by her admiration for a recent luxury-loving guest, she decides to reincarnate herself as a college friend of her mother's and pay her parents a formal visit she adopts the name of Miss Jellytot. With understandable reluctance and more or less concealed irritation, her parents agree to a visit of six days.

This is a lovable book, full of chuckle-rousing humor, delightful incident, real and ingratiating children, and sensible and natural adults. The simple black-and-white illustrations are as irresistible as the story. Altogether, it is a story with personality, a most desirable quality in books for small girls. —E. N.

FAIRING WEATHER. *By Elspeth Bragdon. Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey. Viking.* $2. A childhood in Maine and a present residence in Ohio provide Mrs. Bragdon with an authentic background for her charming story of two little girls—one from New England, one from the Midwest—who learn to like and enjoy each other not in spite of, but because of their different experiences and temperaments. This is accomplished by the wise guidance of adults and the natural curiosity of childhood. Younger readers may identify themselves with Ann—independent, sturdy, island-reared—or with Betsy—shy, gentle, apartment-wise. In either case they will find personal triumph and a happy adjustment at the end of the story.

Marjorie Torrey's line drawings have a pleasant, windswept look that perfectly complements Mrs. Bragdon's island story for small girls. —E. S. R.

DIANA IN THE CHINA SHOP. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.25. Another of Miss

—*From "Diana in the China Shop."*

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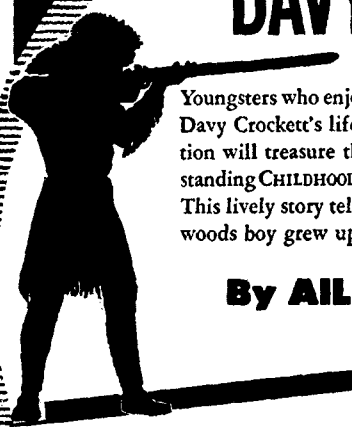
Your children will love this favorite book about a favorite American hero

DAVY CROCKETT YOUNG RIFLEMAN



Youngsters who enjoyed the exciting episodes from Davy Crockett's life in Walt Disney's TV production will treasure this popular volume in the outstanding CHILDHOOD OF FAMOUS AMERICANS SERIES. This lively story tells how a strong, vigorous backwoods boy grew up to be the hero of the Alamo.

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By CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN. *Illustrated by Sandra James.* The exciting girlhood, in Virginia and frontier Tennessee, of pretty, lively Rachel Donelson, who was to marry Andrew Jackson.

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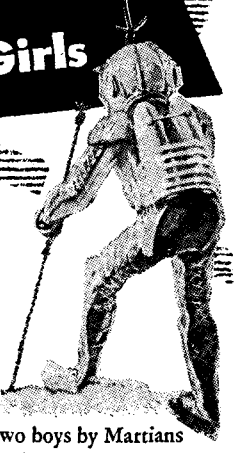

Space Captives of the Golden Men

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THE Journey OF Johnny Rew

By ANNE BARRETT. Johnny was determined to find the father who had never returned from World War II. His quest led from London to the west of England — and into many adventures. Ages 10-14. $2.75

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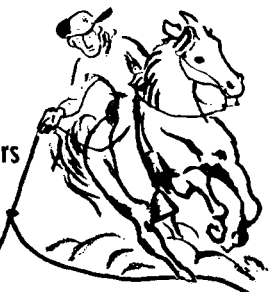
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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Story and pictures in two and three colors by **MARY CHALMERS.** "Irresistible . . . Imaginative story-telling and enchanting pictures in soft springlike colors describe the happy wanderings of little Susan and Will Rabbit."
—*Chicago Tribune.* Ages 2-5.
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WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A SHOE?
By BEATRICE SCHENK de REGNIERS. *Pictures in two colors by* ***Maurice Sendak.*** What can you do with a shoe? Put it on your head, or butter it like bread? Two children play a hilarious game about the things you might but *don't* do with everyday objects. 11 x 6 (oblong). Ages 2-5. $1.75
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WINGS AGAINST THE WIND
By NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON. *19 drawings by* ***Mircea Vasiliu.*** The author of THE TALKING CAT tells the delightful story of the adoption of a baby sea gull by a Breton fisherman. Ages 7-10. An honor book in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* Spring Festival. $2.50

MARTIN AND HIS FRIEND FROM OUTER SPACE
By IVO DUKA and HELENA KOLDA. *Illustrated with photographs.* A new story about Martin, the young hero of THE SECRET OF THE TWO FEATHERS, and a girl from Saturn who comes to New York for a day of amazing adventures. Ages 7-11. $2.50

THE TRAIL-DRIVING ROOSTER
By FRED GIPSON. *Pictures by* ***Marc Simont.*** Here is a tall tale about a lively rooster named Dick — and his adventures on a cattle drive from Texas to Kansas.
Ages 8-12. $2.25

And don't forget
MEINDERT DE JONG'S
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THE WHEEL ON THE SCHOOL
44 black-and-white drawings by ***Maurice Sendak.*** $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HARPER & BROTHERS

Lattimore's very real little girls is the heroine of this story of a Charleston, South Carolina, antique shop. Diana is rescued by the fire department from the house roof where she had followed her cat, Pounce; she serves for a day in the Colonial Cookie tea room; sits out a near-hurricane on Folly Beach; and helps her grandmother sell "treasures" in the Old China Shop. Pictures and story catch the flavor of Charleston and create a little girl whose escapades will endear her to other eight-to-ten-year olds. —F. L. S.

ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET. *By Bessie F. Shite. Illustrated by Joshua Tolford. Ariel Books.* $2.75. In 1910 the Pedersens lived on a farm in Norway. Times were hard and their land so steep that when they planted they had to be tied to trees lest they slip down the cliff. Through all their difficulties they cling to the motto "On your own two feet." When the parents are killed in an avalanche the brother and sister, separated, remain true to the family tradition as they plan their futures.

Aided by illustrations and decoration, the book gives some feeling for the country and people. The children's constant thought of one another constitutes a positive value. This might be a better book had it been written for children older than nine to eleven years, since an older audience would permit greater detail and plot development. It does give a new twist to the theme arising from the mortality rate among parents. —E. N.

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

SANTIAGO. *By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Viking.* $2.75. Here is the moving story of a boy growing up: searching for his place in the scheme of things, and in the search developing within himself the ability to recognize and the courage to seize that place when confronted by it. That the boy is an Indian brought up as the adopted son of a Spanish gentlewoman in Guatemala and befriended by a North American owner of a banana plantation adds to the complexity of the problem, a complexity that Miss Clark handles with sensitivity and understanding—understanding of the Indian temperament, of conflicting cultures, and of a boy becoming a man.

The lining papers and dust jacket by Lynd Ward are in brilliant tropical colors; one could wish for more such illustrations to give pictorial representation to Miss Clark's vivid descriptions of the Guatemalan scene—forest, mountain, city, and Indian village.

—ELIZABETH STEINMETZ ROSS.

THE CAPTAIN'S SECRET. *By Harriet Weed Hubbell. Illustrated by Edward J. Smith. Westminster Press.* $2.75. The time is 1820, the scene Cape Cod, and the chief characters Content Prouty and Joshua Prouty DuBois, cousins. The origin of the story goes back to Revolutionary days, to an ancestor of the young people whose name has been long under a cloud of suspicion, to a treasure he had buried, to an unsolved murder, and to a blighted romance.

The fairly complex plot growing out of these earlier events is handled with clarity and some skill. The result is a mystery adventure story laid in a past century rather than a story of historical significance. The book will have many and obvious interests for the older boys and girls seeking excitement, suspense, and romance in books. The frank appeal of these interests does not preclude plausibility.

—E. N.

WHERE THE TURNPIKE STARTS. *By Harriett H. Carr. Macmillan.* $2.75. Fifteen-year-old Anne Rogers finds Michigan an exciting and interesting place when the family moves there in 1835. In Detroit before the family takes the Chicago turnpike west Anne and her father meet the "Boy Governor" of Michigan, Stevens Thompson Mason. Anne becomes a loyal supporter of Mason in his efforts to establish Michigan, then a territory, as a state. Franklin Williams, the brother of her friend Susan, is also a supporter of Governor Mason and furnishes the romantic interest.

Although much of the background is concerned with Michigan's struggle for statehood, this is essentially a story for teen-age girls, who will be interested in the personal problems which confronted Anne. —N. J. D.

BANNERS AT SHENANDOAH. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday.* $2.50. Bruce Catton, who won the Pulitzer Prize for "A Stillness at Appomatox" in 1954, uses the same historical backdrop for "Banners at Shenandoah." He unfolds events of the Civil War in terms of the roles played by the men and horses of Sheridan's fighting cavalry.

The story is told in the first person in distinguished, sharply chiseled prose. The feeling for the countryside, the interest of an undersized, lonely boy in exploring wider horizons, and his honest desire to serve his country honorably are presented sensitively and convincingly as he matures into manhood and conquers his own fears. The character of Bob Hayden with his relations to the war effort is so competently developed that it may stimulate enough interest in teen-age boys to lead them on to Mr. Catton's scholarly and distinguished adult nonfiction titles.

"Banners at Shenandoah," the sixth in the Cavalade Series portraying

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people and outstanding historic events through the medium of an exciting story, is practically the only title we have about dashing, brilliant, cavalry leader Phil Sheridan written for young people. —DELLA MCGREGOR.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES

JAMES BOWIE AND HIS FAMOUS KNIFE. *By Shannon Garst. Julian Messner.* $2.75. James Bowie, a headstrong, fearless boy, grew up in the wild Teche country of Louisiana, pushed west with the widening frontier to the plains of Texas, and was, at last, doomed to die a hero at the Alamo. Little is known of his youth, but Shannon Garst, delving into the pages of contemporary records, creates a life of persistent excitement quite probable for this intrepid frontiersman. Certainly he may have encountered Audubon painting in the swamp country. There is little doubt of his association and dealings with Jean Lafitte, privateer. Sam Houston and Davy Crockett were his friends and comrades in the bloody Mexican border war. Historical record says tradition made him a participant in desperate encounters. For this, especially, older boys will count him a hero among their frontiersmen. An added, and doubtful, dividend is the account of the Arkansas toothpick, the famous bowie knife. —R. E. L.

PRAIRIE-TOWN BOY. *By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This is the story of Sandburg's boyhood quarried with deftness and tact out of the rich profusion of "Always the Young Strangers." It has been done with such skill that there is no sense of loss or awkwardness. On the contrary, the compression has resulted in a positive gain of continuity and unity of effect. The impression of Sandburg's personality and the development of his sensibility, his active response to his environment, the exciting air of a growing mind in a growing country—all these are perhaps the more vivid for the concentration of the narrative.

It will be read with absorption. The actual incidents and observations are in themselves interesting and they are presented with never-failing sparkle in Sandburg's inimitable storyteller's style, a sensitive and vigorous speech that has the ring of a living voice in it, full of warmth and sympathy. Complex and varied as American culture, there are some strands of it depicted in "Prairie-Town Boy" that are right at the heart. —M. C.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS: Farmers of the Rio Grande. *By Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by Patricia Boodell. Morrow.* $2. Here is another book about Indians by Sonia

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By ***Eleanor Estes*** This is the charming story of a little American girl and her French friend, Genevieve, told and pictured by the Newbery Award-winning author of *The Moffats* and *Ginger Pye*. A perfect good-night book.
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By ***Beatrice Schenk de Regniers*** and illustrated by ***Irene Haas*** "A rare and enchanting child's book, with some of the nostalgic quality of a sugared violet, the point being . . . that one can have a fine house under the dining table, an umbrella . . . or a paper bag."—*Vogue*.
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By ***William Lipkind*** "This well-told . . . story . . . is a framework for an anthropologist's authentic information about pre-white-man Hawaiian life."—*Horn Book*. Illus. by *Nicolas Mordvinoff*, Caldecott Award winner. Ages 7-10. $2.50

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By ***Helen F. Daringer*** "Girls . . . will like Johanna and her . . . problem of earning enough to get her mother a new suit. . . . A good story with a vivid, memorable heroine." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Illus. by *Susan Knight*. Ages 9-12. $2.50

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By ***Leo Schneider*** and ***Maurice U. Ames*** "These teacher-authors take their readers right through the basic principles of flying . . . and then into the air."—*Christian Science Monitor*. Illus. by *Jere Donovan*.
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By ***Yoshiko Uchida*** "These fourteen charming, humorous, Japanese folk tales will delight all children. They are wonderful to read aloud . . . full of wisdom and kindliness."—*The Instructor*. Illus. by the ***author***.
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Spring 1955

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By HAROLD W. FELTON. *Illustrated by Aldren A. Watson.* Foreword by B. A. Botkin. The tale of Mose, whose prowess as a fire-fighter was the marvel of "Little Old New York." Ages 12-16. $2.75

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By M. G. BONNER. *Illustrated by Bernard Krigstein.* A practical guide by an expert for youngsters who want to excel in all aspects of baseball. Ages 8-12. $2.00

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By EARLE GOODENOW. The gay, appealing story of Angelo, who managed, after all, to be the star of the Carnival in his Italian village. *Illustrated in color by the author.* Ages 5-9. $2.00

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The Pueblos, who lived in adobe homes reached by ladders, had a different culture from the Comanche and Sioux, with whom they traded for furs and meat. They cultivated the earth, grew corn of six different colors, and depended upon this corn for their livelihood. The author writes with meticulous detail about village life as seen through the eyes of twelve-year-old Young Hawk—at home, in the corn fields, at play, watching the tribal ceremonies, and learning the art of trading. The final chapters describe the coming of the Spaniards, the horrors of war, and the Indian revolt. There is a short sketch of Pueblo life today.

The black-and-white drawings by Patricia Boodell are attractive and add meaning to the text.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

TRAILS WEST AND MEN WHO MADE THEM. *By Edith Dorian and W. N. Wilson. Whittlesey.* $2.50. This is the exciting story of how we moved west as a nation. Edith Dorian, author of "Ask Dr. Christmas" and "No Moon on Graveyard Head," has included all the famous trails—the Golden Trail (the Spaniards seeking gold); the Water Trail (the French seeking codfish, fur, and ivory tusks of walruses); Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road; the exciting and less well-known Natchez Trace; the National Road, known also as the Cumberland Road and Uncle Sam's Pike; the Santa Fe Trail; the Oregon Trail; and, finally, the Chisholm Trail. Miss Dorian's fast-paced style makes "Trails West and Men Who Made Them" especially appropriate for pleasure reading and it will be enjoyed by both boys and girls in grades five through nine. An index adds to the book's usefulness.

W. N. Wilson, a well-known nautical illustrator and an enthusiastic student of American history himself, has contributed many informative drawings in black-and-white, along with an attractive double-page map and pictorial endpapers. —R. G.

NATURE

HERE COME THE DEER! *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Scribner's.* $2.25. A companion volume to "Here Come the Bears!" this account of the first year in the life of a young whitetail deer, a young elk, and a young caribou is told in simple narrative and two-color pictures. Both Mrs. Goudey and Mr. MacKenzie, through their text and illustrations, have brought alive the young animals, their families, their native backgrounds, and the changing seasons to make a book to delight small children as well as to give them factual information. —F. L. S.

WHAT'S INSIDE? *By May Garelick. Photographs by Rena Jakobsen. William R. Scott.* $2. In a series of wonderful photographs accompanied by a short text the minute details of the growth of a gosling are recorded for the youngest children. The mystery of a crack in the egg shell and what is emerging from it will catch the child's interest and lead him on from the fascinating pictures of the wet, newly hatched baby to those of the soft, downy gosling. —F. L. S.

IN PONDS AND STREAMS. *Written and illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck. Abingdon Press.* $3. This is a third book on nature written and illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck. Her two previous books were "In Woods and Fields" and "In Yards and Gardens."

"In Ponds and Streams" gives detailed scientific descriptions and pictures of flowers, underwater plants,

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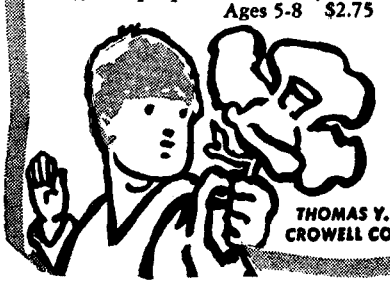

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ferns, water worms, snails, insects, salamanders, frogs, snakes, turtles, birds, and mammals found in wet places. This wealth of nature knowledge is based on first-hand exploration and extensive research.

Many of the pictures were drawn from actual models. Each section was checked by leading authorities, including naturalists from the American Museum of Natural History, the Smithsonian Institution, and the New York Botanical Garden.

The classified index and the list of other books on the subject are special features. It is an excellent reference book, written in simple, clear language for boys and girls of elementary age, which also will be interesting and useful to adults. —L. W. R.

—From "The House Beyond the Meadow."

OF GENERAL INTEREST

LOOKOUT FOR THE FOREST. *By Glenn O. Blough. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. Whittlesey.* $2.25. In semi-narrative style the value of our forests, their care and protection are told for younger children. Private forest farmers and Government foresters work together to thin, reset, cultivate, and protect the trees and wild life of our land. Modern ways of spraying from an airplane to kill wood-boring insects, soil conservation, lookout towers, and fire-fighting equipment are among their cooperative ventures. This is another title in the growing series of elementary nature and simple science books that Mr. Blough and Miss Bendick have produced. The easy-to-read language and bright, descriptive pictures make an attractive as well as informative book.

—F. L. S.

THE HOUSE BEYOND THE MEADOW. *By Harry Behn. Pantheon.* $2.50. The "stillest, sunniest day it was you ever saw" when a small boy stepped into fairyland and received from the King and Queen there the boon of wishes, three times three. What he did with those wishes is told in verse that has all the lazy, swinging rhythm of a summer's day and in episodes as inconsequent and illogical as a summer's dream.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF JAZZ. *By Langston Hughes. Pictures by Cliff Roberts. Music selected by David Martin. Franklin Watts.* $1.95. It seems only natural that the versatile poet, author of "The First Book of Rhythms," should write a book about another rhythmic form—jazz. This is American music. True, it is based on the rhythms of Africa, but it was really born in the South with a background of work songs, spirituals, field hollers,

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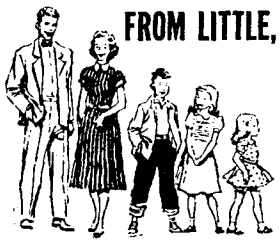

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—A. B.

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—words taken from people's names:
like *sandwich*, named for the English Earl of Sandwich who invented this quick-lunch mainstay

—words that do tricks:
like *visible* (now you see it) and *invisible* (now you don't!)

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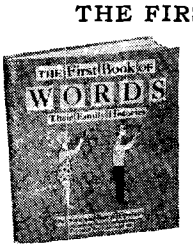

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version of which you can hear in the southern part of the United States. Miss Uchida has illustrated the stories with black-and-white drawings which completely capture the spirit of the text. —A. B.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. *By Helen Rand Parish. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Viking.* $3. The miracle of the appearance of Our Lady of Guadalupe to the poor Indian Juan Diego is related by the author in poetic language. The story moves quickly from the first pages to the last. Charlot's accompanying illustrations in rich colors have the primitive strength of Diego himself and are as moving and dramatic as the story. This is an outstanding book for children of all faiths. —AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

FIRE-FIGHTIN' MOSE. *By Harold W. Felton. Illustrated by Aldren A. Watson. Knopf.* $2.75. The fabulous exploits of Mose, New York's first folk hero, are celebrated on every page of this tall tale which gives a lively account of his amazing feats and prowess as a fire-fighter and citizen. In those extravagant days of the 1830s, when New York was a roaring growing town, the Bowery Boys ran about the city putting out fires with tremendous passion and force, Mose with them in the Lady Washington Engine Company No. 40. They were gallant and brave fellows all, but none could match our fire-fighting hero, who loved his job and life so fiercely.

Mr. Felton has gone to old fire-fighting records for his sources and has woven a rollicking tall tale full of humor and dramatic incident. Aldren Watson's drawings capture all of its flavor. —M. C.

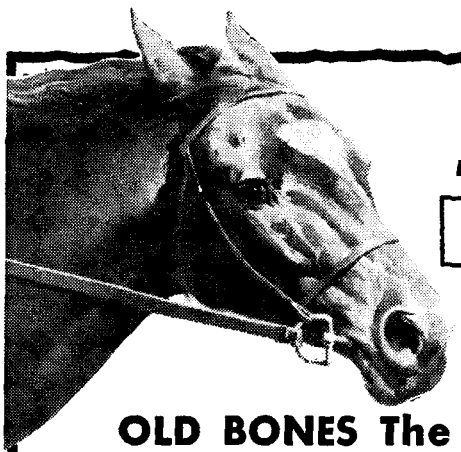
WINGS IN YOUR FUTURE. *By Leo Schneider and Maurice U. Ames. Illustrated by Jere Donovan. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This introduction to aviation for the elementary and junior high-school age groups is fascinating as well as logical. Through simple experiments and readable discussion the authors present the basic principles of flight as well as information on jet propulsion and engines, helicopters, gliders, airports, and a flight as experienced from the cockpit of a DC-7.

The experiments may be performed at home with materials which are usually found there. The black-and-white drawings of Jere Donovan add much to the clarification of the experiments and the principles involved. The closing discussion on rockets, space platforms, and flight in the future leaves one with a desire for more information on the subject.

Both authors work with young people and the book reflects this. Mr. Schneider is a teacher of general science and author of science textbooks. —N. J. D.

MEN, MICROSCOPES, AND LIVING THINGS. *By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by Anthony Ravelli. Viking.* $3. With her remarkable ability to explain and portray the past not as dead and dry but as a living factor in today's life Miss Shippen has here recorded the succession of theories and experiments relating to living things and has characterized the men who were responsible for them. From earliest times to today, sometimes slowly, often rapidly, ideas, theories, philosophies about life and what it is have been advanced. After the microscope and other scientific instruments were available many of these theories could be disproved or substantiated, and many new facts discovered so that we are constantly increasing our knowledge. However, as she writes, we are "still at the beginning of understanding" of many of the mysteries of life.

The unusual illustrations of Anthony Ravelli, who last year wrote and illustrated "Wonders of the Human Body," accentuate the excitement in this book to make it one that young people will read with eagerness. —F. L. S.



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LOOKOUT FOR THE FOREST

By GLENN O. BLOUGH. *Pictures in three colors by Jeanne Bendick.* "Excellent conservation story. A visit to a fire-warden's tower and the spotting of a fire add drama to fact . . . Recommended."—*Library Journal.* Ages 6-10. $2.25

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WHITTLESEY HOUSE: A Division of McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., N. Y. 36

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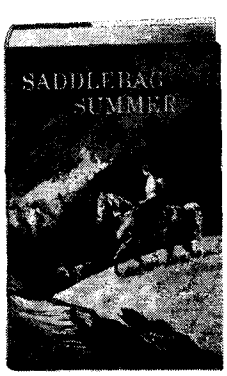

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Funk & Wagnalls 153 East 24th Street New York 10, N. Y.

Senior Books for Juniors

Many of the books that teen-agers enjoy most were written and published for adults. Margaret Alexander Edwards, Coordinator of Work with Young People, Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, has surveyed the past year's output of adult books, and here tells about the ones she knows will make a hit with young people.

By MARGARET ALEXANDER EDWARDS

THE over-publicized teen-ager, worried with all sorts of problems from parents to atom bombs, needs to laugh, and the past year gave him the books to laugh about. In **"The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant,"** by Douglass Wallop (Norton, $2.95), Joe Boyd, a sagging, middle-aged citizen of Washington, D. C., makes a sharp bargain with the Devil and leads the Washington Senators to victory and a pennant over the helpless Yankees. And then there was John Patrick's dramatization of **"The Teahouse of the August Moon"** (Putnam, $3), as well as the outrageous and beloved Charles Addams's **"Homebodies"** (Simon and Schuster, $2.95).

Fortunately for adults working with young people, there have been more novels dealing with simple human beings found adequate to the stress and strain of living and fewer about the torments and frustrations of inverts. Four of the most popular and readable were: **"The Desperate Hours,"** by Joseph Hayes (Random House, $3), in which three escaping convicts take up temporary residence with an unsuspecting family of four who face their mentally twisted captors with decency and courage; **"Katherine,"** by Anya Seton (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95), the story of the innocent convent-bred girl with her star-struck beauty who won the heart of John of Gaunt and so became an unwitting force that changed the course of English history; **"Love Is Eternal,"** by Irving Stone (Doubleday, $3.95), which presents Mary Todd Lincoln in a new, sympathetic light; and **"Good Morning, Miss Dove,"** by Frances G. Patton (Dodd, Mead, $2.75), a piece of subtle characterization that is gaining ground gradually with teen-agers.

For the adolescent boy too young to defy death and fly to battle as he would like to do an acceptable substitute is **"Reach for the Sky,"** by Paul Brickhill (Norton, $3.75), which tells of Douglas Bader of the RAF who became a wing commander, never accepting a handicap or a special favor, though both his legs had been amputated. There is also a gruesome fascination for boys in **"The Man Who Never Was,"** by Ewen Montagu (Lippincott, $2.75), which tells how a nameless corpse, frozen, disguised, and smuggled about, was used to deflect a German invasion. Though **"The Atomic Submarine and Admiral Rickover,"** by Clay Blair (Holt, $3.50), is not about war it is related to the subject, and though the personal problems of the Admiral do not deeply concern most boys the mechanism of the sub does.

Both boys and girls like **"Clown,"** by Emmett Kelly (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), and Henry Fonda's recent performance of the role on television has made the book a very scarce item in libraries. Another popular biography is the moving account of the little German boy shattered emotionally by his war experiences who was made whole again because Mrs. Rose and her household loved him beyond the call of duty: **"The Gentle House,"** by Anna P. Rose (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75).

Travel books that relate how "we landed in Rio just at sunset and had an excellent supper of ..... at the ..... hotel and the next morning bright and early started sightseeing . . ." leave the teen-ager cold. If he is to read of people in other countries and understand that all men are brothers he must have books that interpret human experience and warm the heart. Two of the better travel books of the year are **"My Heart Lies South,"** by Elizabeth de Trevino (Crowell, $3.50), and **"Seven Years in Tibet,"** by Heinrich Harrer (Dutton, $5). The former tells of an American girl sent to Mexico on a newspaper assignment who became engaged all unwittingly and eventually married the charming Mexican without fully realizing the difference between the two words "Mrs." and "Senora." "Seven Years in Tibet" is a tale of bold adventure. Escaping from internment in India Harrer made his way to Tibet, where he became the friend of the Dalai Lama. A fine year for the young readers who enjoy adult books.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1103

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

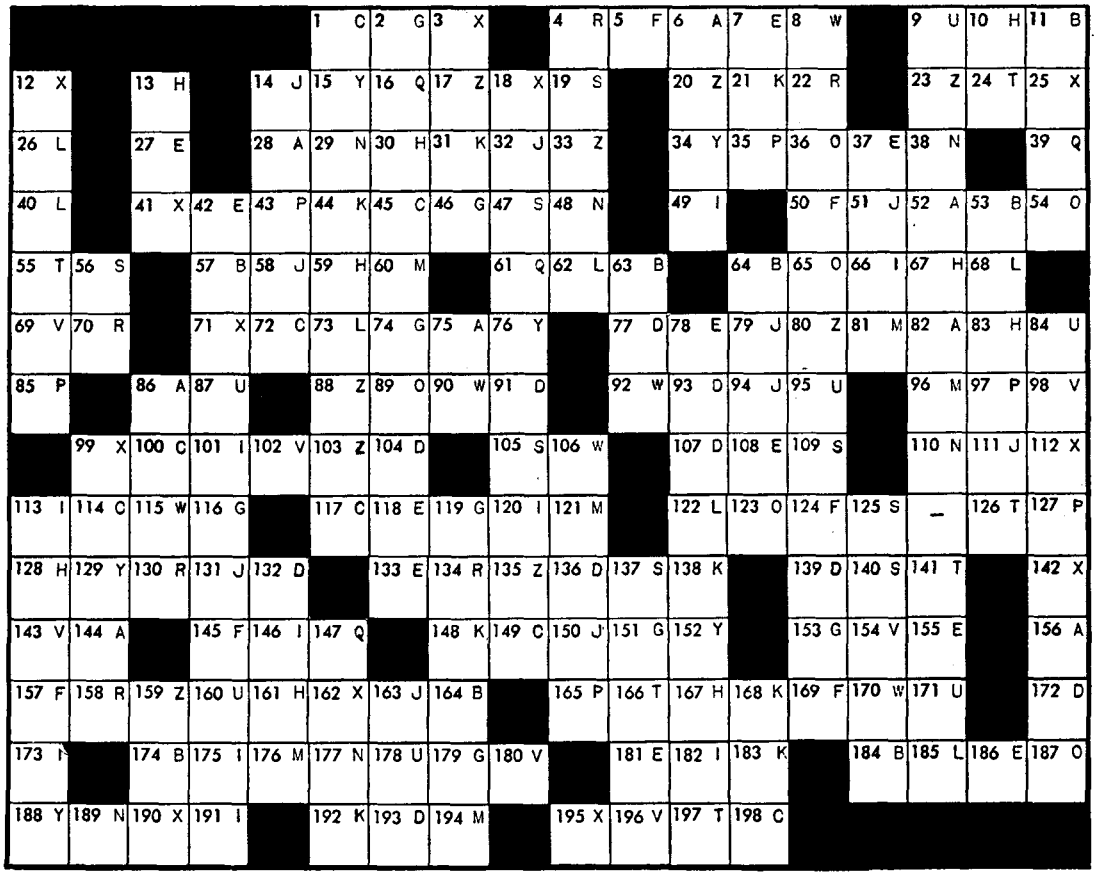
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mexico's opposite number to Calexico.	86 28 144 75 82 6 52 156
B. German humorist in Vienna and Dresden, end of 19th cent.	164 64 11 184 57 63 53 174
C. Spiny tree of SW U.S. and Mexico, often the only woody plant.	149 100 198 117 72 45 1 114
D. Pledged to abstinence from intoxicating liquors (slang; 3 wds.).	136 193 139 93 91 107 77 132 172 104
E. Beyond the shadow of a doubt.	27 7 155 118 133 42 78 108 181 186 37
F. Blue for the Garter, red for the Bath.	5 169 50 145 124 157
G. President of Wesleyan Univ. in Conn. 1909-23.	74 2 153 179 46 151 119 116
H. Frustration by means of craft or cunning.	128 10 30 67 13 83 161 59 167
I. Occurring without known cause, or as a result of chance.	173 175 101 113 182 49 120 66 146 191
J. The mistress of a chateau.	14 58 150 79 51 163 94 111 131 32
K. The alchemists' "universal solvent."	192 44 168 21 31 138 148 183
L. Multitudes.	26 62 40 185 68 122 73
M. Wearing certain headgear.	96 81 60 176 121 194

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Specifying the "hen" that is a quail.	189 38 48 29 110 177
O. Cheated; defrauded by cheating.	65 123 89 36 54 187
P. Webster says, a "learned word become popular" for people congenitally lacking in reasoning powers.	35 85 97 127 165 43
Q. President of Union College for 62 years whose given name was Eliphalet.	16 39 61 147
R. Sculptured image, esp. on gravestone or coin.	134 158 70 130 4 22
S. Argued till a settlement is reached.	19 105 137 56 109 140 47 125
T. Composer of great opera "La Juive" (1799-1862).	24 166 126 141 55 197
U. Said of a vehicle or boat equipped with motive power.	84 160 171 178 95 87 9
V. A youth, esp. a serving lad.	180 196 98 102 69 143 154
W. Hired out.	90 115 170 92 106 8
X. Transferred ownership from one person to another.	12 112 99 71 18 142 190 162 25 195 3 41
Y. Specifying the metals of the group which includes sodium and potassium.	15 152 129 76 34 188
Z. Change radically, in appearance or nature.	23 80 159 17 20 135 103 33 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 44 of this issue.

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SPRING 1955

Scribner books for young readers

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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A lovely book by the famous author of THE YEARLING. It is the charming story of a little girl "born to be a poet," and of her journey to the "secret river." Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard.
Ages 6-9 Two colors $2.50

Frances Hodgson Burnett

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

A beautiful new edition of the old favorite that all children love. Completely redesigned and type reset. Ages 8-12 $2.50

Janice Holland

PIRATES, PLANTERS AND PATRIOTS

Charleston is one of our oldest and most interesting cities and this is its stirring, romantic story.
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Marion Renick

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Gertrude Wallace Wall

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Marcia Brown's

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"A perfect picture book."
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Francoise

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Ruthven Todd

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Virginia Kahl

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Alice E. Goudey

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Barbara Leonard Reynolds

EMILY SAN

A charming story of an American family who lived in Japan — and of Emily, who meets Japanese children and learns to communicate with them. Ages 8-12 $2.50

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Jacket drawing by Leonard Weisgard for THE SECRET RIVER by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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